WALTER MONCKTON drawn by Vicky

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The Real Railway Problem

THE Court of Inquiry's interim report conceded to the railwaymen three points of substance. It held that the State having nationalised a "public utility of first importance" is under an obligation to ensure that its employees shall receive wages which are "fair and adequate . . . no worse than . . . in a comparable industry." It found that there was no "real force or substance" in the Transport Commission's argument that it is absolutely precluded by statute from paying wages which would result in a deficit in any particular year. Finally, by recommending "critical re-examination" of wages, the Court admitted by implication that an increase is essential. With this backing, and the Minister's assurance that the Government "accepted" the findings—the implication being that an extended deficit might be accumulated—the N.U.R. naturally sought the promise of a definite increase before issuing "No Strike" orders which its members might otherwise ignore.

Strike or no strike, problems remain. The railways, in fact, are in a position not dissimilar from that of the coal mines before the General Strike, when a State subsidy was the only, though temporary, alternative to depressing the miners' standard of life. The plain fact is that by saddling the Transport Commission with a heavy first charge of compensation interest and also with the "public obligations" previously imposed on the old railway companies—all this without regard to road competition—the State left no choice between low wages and losses—not made good "taking one year with another."

That being so, there is an overwhelming case for saying that the Treasury must temporarily foot the bill: strike threats apart, it would be intolerable that the State should demand of railwaymen acceptance of unfairly low wages while the holders of guaranteed Transport stock cash their coupons irrespective of the troubles of the lines. But this is a make-shift, not an ultimate solution: railway finance must sooner or later be rationalised. Can the Transport Commission do it in terms of the railways alone? Something can, and should, be done urgently to improve operating efficiency—not merely by pruning redundant staff at small stations or curtailing otiose passenger porterage, but by improving (at the cost of heavy capital investment) trucks, locomotives and rolling stock. The Commission, too, will clearly have to be encouraged to close hopelessly uneconomic branch lines and to frame its tariffs, both for goods and passengers, with greater flexibility, taking more account of actual mile-costs on various routes.

Resolute and speedy action in such directions—and this probably entails the invigoration and technical reinforcement of the Railway Executive—is certainly required. But can it close a gap estimated at over £20 millions annually? Hardly, unless the cost of reasonable wages for the railwaymen is to be passed on to railway-users in the shape of a general increase of charges. Yet the effect of such a policy would be to drive more traffic on to our already congested roads and thus to deplete the railways' operating revenues. The circle is vicious: with the Transport Commission clamouring for enlarged subsidy, Parliament would be under intense pressure to vote hundreds of millions for new roads at the expense of agricultural land.

There are three, and only three courses open: (1) Traffic can be driven back to the railways by a drastic increase in taxation on road vehicles and their fuel—a policy which a Tory Government would almost certainly reject, and which (carried to indiscriminating extremes) would be a somewhat crude distortion of transport economics. (2) In the name of free competition and the principle that "cheapest transport is best transport," the railways can be allowed to wither away until all that remain are trunk lines and profitable "dense-traffic" suburban services—a desperate remedy which (apart from potential needs of the Defence Departments) would involve a road-building programme of astronomical cost and a revolutionary change in customary methods of movement. (3) Road transport by public carriers can be re-

nationalised, and a Transport Authority given a fresh chance to effect real co-ordination of traffic between road and rail.

The third course would be far the wisest. It is not a question of "feather-bedding" railwaymen or rail managements at the expense of traffic which should economically go by road. The N.U.R. will have to make its members face the imperative need for getting rid of many traditional practices as well as pruning redundancies; and capital investment calls for more vigorous and progressive management at all levels. The point is that only a single Authority, ruling a completely integrated transport system, can decide which method of conveyance is "economic"—balancing private advantage with public interest. The socialisation of all public transport is the only way to avoid, on the one hand, unregulated congestion and chaos on the roads and, on the other hand, perpetuation of the conditions on the railways which led the N.U.R. to threaten a challenge of brute strength.

Labour's Farm Policy

The Labour Party this week published the first instalment of its revised agricultural policy, in good time for the pending bye-election in South Norfolk. The report deals mainly with marketing and with the proposed restoration of bulk buying of both home and imported supplies. It proposes that "an appropriate Ministry" should be put in charge of the supervision of the projected boards and commissions and also of bulk buying. The words "an appropriate Ministry" will presumably be elucidated when the Labour Party publishes its full policy in a few weeks' time. The Co-operative Party has been asking for the establishment of a "Ministry of Consumption," with rather wide powers, whereas the Conservatives stand for merging the Food Ministry with the Ministry of Agriculture, which is obviously bad from the consumer's standpoint. It looks as if the Labour Party will either accept the Co-operatives' project, perhaps in a modified form, or restore an independent Food Ministry. The present proposals include appointment of one-third of the members of the Milk Marketing Board and of the proposed Potato Board by the "appropriate Minister." They also provide for the establishment of a trading Grain Commission to act as the sole buyer of wheat at a guaranteed price, and also to regulate the trade in coarse grains without bulk purchase. A Livestock Commission, with a national system of publicly owned *abattoirs*, is to purchase and grade all fatstock offered for sale and to be responsible for meat imports. There is to be a regulating Egg Commission and an amended Wool Marketing Board; and the British Sugar Corporation is to be completely nationalised. The plan in general is based on bulk buying without any element of rationing, and on guaranteed prices in preference to the Tory plan of deficiency payments. It is meant, wherever possible, to arrange Producers' Co-operatives. The National Farmers' Union will certainly object to it; but it may be attractive to farmers who are up in arms against the sweeping away of the guaranteed prices in the name of "free enterprise." The South Norfolk election should furnish some test of its popularity.

Shop Stewards, Unions and Employers

A week ago it looked as if a major storm was blowing up over the position of shop stewards in the engineering industry. But during the week-end the Standard Motor Corporation came to terms with the trade unions, and these terms have now been endorsed by the shop stewards and by the men who have been on strike. It is an important factor that both this dispute and the simultaneous trouble at B.E.A. occurred in establishments standing outside the Engineering Employers' Federation, which has its own agreement with the trade unions concerned. One main issue is that of the extent of the right of convenors of shop stewards, who are paid by the firm, to spend their time dealing with workshop grievances; another, less directly raised but always in the background, is that of the authority of shop stewards and shop committees in relation to trade union officials and executives. The trade unions, and not the shop stewards, are the bodies which enter into formal agreements with the employers' federations; but when a firm bargains collectively on its own account, the workshop representatives necessarily have a greater say and may claim a degree of independence which trade unions and their officials are unwilling to allow them. Indeed, the entire position of shop stewards and works committees, though they operate formally under union authority, is ambiguous, especially when national agreements either do not exist or need considerable adaptation to match them to the circumstances of a particular firm. Obviously, militancy will find its most favourable *milieu* in the workshops, and industrial pacifism in trade union offices. So far, the emergent conflicts of jurisdiction have been patched up without too much trouble, mainly because most firms have not wanted to take the risks of a showdown. But at any time major conflicts may occur; there are plenty of firms that would jump at the chance of breaking the shop stewards' power if they thought they could pull it off.

The B.E.A. Dispute

It would be insane to suggest that this is the purpose of British European Airways. The Airways Corporations have a creditable record of improving management over the last few years and are reasonably well served by their own form of negotiating machinery, the National Joint Council for Civil Air Transport and its subsidiary panels, in which shop stewards play a part. The B.E.A. management, in fact, had a certain amount of justification on their side when they determined to exercise managerial discipline over an incident which they not unreasonably called "flagrant defiance" of management. When, however, without apparently any consultation with the National Joint Council, they insisted on a new and notably tactless form of contract to be signed by each of the dismissed engineers who desired re-engagement, they were obviously courting trouble. In the event, the trade unions have insisted on the withdrawal of this new contract and its replacement by a form of engagement to be drawn up by both sides of the National Joint Council. A little more care—and consultation—in handling the re-engagement of the dismissed men could have avoided the unfounded suspicion that B.E.A. were seeking to eliminate shop stewards. As it is, that suspicion exists and will linger. It has been increased by the decision, tactically very questionable, not to re-engage Mr. Peters, the particular shop steward about whose activities the dispute first arose. If B.E.A. are justified in their belief that Mr. Peters is no more than a trouble-maker and a nuisance, they would perhaps have been wiser to accept at its face value the undertaking of good behaviour which he, like the other men applying for re-engagement, has given, and to invite the National Joint Council to consider any situation which might arise if and when further acts of "industrial misconduct" took place.

Afro-Asian Conference

Twenty-five "sovereign" States are being invited by the five Colombo Powers to an Afro-Asian Conference in Indonesia at the end of April. They extend from the Gold Coast to Japan; all the Arab States are included—unhappily at the expense of excluding Israel; the Central African Federation, Libya, Egypt, the Sudan, Gold Coast, Ethiopia and Liberia are invited as the independent parts of Africa; so are Iran and North and South Vietnam, and, more significantly, China. The only obvious factor that is common to all these nations is that they have in one way or another rejected colonialism and racialism; and these two subjects will certainly be high on the Agenda. The five Prime Ministers who met last week in Indonesia stated that the "acceptance of the invitation by any one country would in no way involve or even imply any change in its view of the status of any other country," and that "they had also borne in mind the principle that the form of government and the way of life of any one country should in no way be subject to interference by any other." Most of the States that are invited to the Conference will certainly try to discover common ground between themselves and Communist China, however ardently they reject Communism. Many of them are still not "committed"; the Seato Powers have the support only of Siam and the Philippines, and a half-hearted acceptance by Pakistan. The object of the Colombo Premiers in calling this Conference is to extend the area and influence of the "uncommitted" countries, and so, in Mr. Nehru's words, to enlarge the "area of peace."

The Assassination of President Remon

Between 1950 and 1952, five former Latin American "strong men" were popularly elected to the presidency of their respective countries. All of them, Vargas in Brazil, Velasco Ibarra in Ecuador, Ibañez in Chile, Peron in Argentina and Remon in Panama, made solemn promises to abide by constitutional methods during their terms in office. Since their election, two have suffered a violent death—Vargas and Remon; two have led their countries into serious constitutional crisis—Velasco Ibarra and Ibañez. Peron alone is still securely in power. President Remon never actually held the presidency of Panama before 1952, but he had been the acknowledged "King-maker"; and practically all the presidents who held office since he

became Chief of Police in 1947 owed their position—and also their eventual downfall—to him. During his two years in office, President Remon managed to drive government corruption out of sight, if not out of existence. He also gained considerable popularity by securing an increase in royalties for the use of the Canal from the U.S. and an increase in wages for the Panamanian workers of the United Fruit Company. Remon did not have to stretch constitutional methods to the extreme limit of Velasco Ibarra and Ibañez. By various means—and notably through his handy contacts in the police force—he controlled the five major parties of the country and therefore governed virtually without opposition. His assassination is probably not due directly to political motives but to his activities, which made him many unforgiving enemies during the five years before he became President.

LATIN AMERICA

Peron and the C.I.S.C.

The conflict between President Peron and the Catholic Church has brought to the surface one of the most important developments in South American politics since the end of the war—the struggle for the control of inter-American trade unions. At present there are four large confederations—the C.T.A.L. (Confederacion de Trabajadores de America Latina) led by Vicente Lombardo Toledano and affiliated to the W.F.T.U.; the anti-Communist O.R.I.T. (Organizacion Regional Interamericana de Trabajadores) affiliated to the I.C.F.T.U.; the Peronist A.T.L.A.S. (Asociacion de Trabajadores Latinoamericanos) set up in Mexico in 1952; and, lastly, the Latin American branch of the Catholic C.I.S.C. (Confederacion Internacionale de Syndicats Chrètiens) with headquarters in Utrecht. Both the Peronist A.T.L.A.S. and the Catholic C.I.S.C. are hostile to U.S. Capitalism. The Peronists have aimed at organising workers in the industrial and mining districts, while the Catholics have tried to recruit the peasantry. Their programme strongly endorses agrarian reform, against the interests of the landowning classes. Hence the C.I.S.C. leaders have found themselves persecuted—like the leaders of A.T.L.A.S.—in Venezuela, Colombia, Nicaragua and, since the fall of Arbenz, in Guatemala.

In Chile, early in 1954, Catholic priests and members of the C.I.S.C. led a delegation of peasants from La Molina to demand higher wages and better working conditions. The incident was followed by some violence, during which a priest was beaten and jailed. The landowners' reaction was to accuse the C.I.S.C. of being under the control of the Communist Party without stopping to consider that most of its leadership comes from religious organisations, in particular the Jesuit Order. By the middle of 1954, the C.I.S.C. had succeeded in capturing most of the rural areas, where the allegiance of the peasantry to the Church had been an obstacle to the activities of the Socialist trade unions.

As for Argentina, since the death of Evita, Peron has returned to what he calls "the first principles of Justicialism", that is, a policy of widespread social and economic reforms. His recent moves to legalise divorce and grant identical legal status to legitimate and illegitimate children brought him into immediate conflict with the official Church hierarchy. Peron's retort was to name three bishops and twenty-three priests as being "organised to subvert public order". They all belong to the militant Left wing of the C.I.S.C., whose policy is to form a Christian Democratic Party to fight Peron in the next general election. That is the nigger in the wood-pile.

PARIS

Things to Come

Our Paris Correspondent writes: For France the year ended in an atmosphere of economic expansion and political confusion. Preliminary production figures for November, released last Saturday, show an index of 161, a rise of 9 points over November, 1953; and the overall production increase during 1954 was in the neighbourhood of 7 per cent. Certain sectors of the economy—notably the coal industry—are passing through a critical phase; but this was more than balanced by the expansion in refined petrol and electric power. With unemployment now less than 200,000, with prices stable, and with personal incomes, investment and (especially) dividends rising steadily, prospects for 1955 seem excellent. Despite the decision, last week, to lift import restrictions on a further range of products (bringing the proportion of trade liberalised to 75 per cent.) industry is generally confident.

Meanwhile, there are no grounds for complacency. Details of the balance of external payments for the franc zone in the first semester of 1954, published last week, show a positive balance of $77 million, and the rate of progress was increased during the second semester. But this creditor balance is purely nominal, since it included direct American aid ($212 million) and offshore and "infrastructure" payments ($284 million). The actual commercial balance showed a deficit of $119 million—admittedly an improvement over the corresponding period last year, when the deficit was $314 million, but still large enough to cause anxiety in view of the fact that 1955 can be expected to show a sharp drop in direct dollar aid. In fact, as intelligent critics are beginning to observe, the Premier's attempts to trim the unproductive fringes of French industry have so far made little headway: firms operating at under 50 per cent. capacity still represent, as they did last May, 7 per cent. of the total.

In view of this, M. Mendès-France's approaching Cabinet reshuffle, which will take place next week when he returns from Italy, is of great importance. M. Edgar Faure, it appears, has finally agreed to leave the Rue de Rivoli for the Quai d'Orsay, and Mendès-France will at last be able to supervise economic affairs directly. The arrangements have not yet been completed, since he still hopes to induce the Socialists to join the Government; but since the clumsy conference mechanism employed by the French Socialists in deciding every major issue would involve a long delay, M. Mendès-France will probably prefer to carry out two reshuffles: one next week and one after March 31, when his special economic powers come to an end and when (it is hoped) he will have something more substantial to show the Socialists than he has at present.

All this, of course, is based on the assumption that the Government will survive. It may be, as M. Beuve-Mery, the director of *Le Monde*, wrote last week, that M. Mendès-France, having saved the Atlantic Alliance, can now safely be dropped in favour of a more conventional "Western" politician, such as Pinay or René Mayer. Certainly the political tide is running against him. This tendency seems to be confirmed by the increasing unity on the Right, which began with the A.R.S.-Independent Congress early in December. These Right-wing moves are, however, themselves creating a reaction on the Left; not only Left-wing Catholics of the Mauriac variety, but also hitherto uncommitted Gaullists like André Malraux, are now joining the Mendésien camp. Mendès-France's advisers, however, are divided on the tactics he should pursue to develop this new "Liberal Left." Should he try to push a Leftish programme through what is unquestionably a Right-wing Assembly? Or should he—as Malraux recently advised him in *L'Express*—engineer his defeat on a popular issue, and then organise the Opposition?

For the next month or so, however, the Government will have little opportunity to choose either its battlegrounds or its tactics. On Tuesday the Assembly reconvenes. Several Budget sections—including the perennially tricky one dealing with the *anciens combattants*—have still to be voted, as well as the budget as a whole. There are, in addition, other major issues in the offing: this month's talks on the arms pool and the Saar; the Tunisian Agreements, now on the verge of completion, which will certainly receive strong criticism; and, finally, Indo-China, where the recent agreement on American economic aid has aroused strong feelings among French business interests. Much will depend on the frame of mind of the Deputies when they return after ten days with their constituents.

NEW YORK

A Code for Comics

Our New York Correspondent writes: Comics ostensibly purged of undue sex or sadism and with the seal of approval of the recently formed Comics Code Authority, have for the first time this week appeared on the news stands here. Modelled on the voluntary control principle established by the film industry many years ago, the Authority was set up by the comics publishers themselves in an effort to allay further criticisms of their products. Twenty-eight of the thirty-one major comics publishers are members of the Comics Magazine Association of America, the sole supporter of the Authority. These publishers produce 75 per cent. of the 60,000,000 comic books published each month. The Code Administrator is Charles F. Murphy, who resigned as a New York City magistrate last October 1 to take his present job. In the three months since the voluntary code was agreed upon, Mr. Murphy's staff have studied the drawings and texts for 440 issues due to be distributed in the coming months. These represent 285 different publications. More than one hundred stories have been rejected and five thousand individual drawings have been returned for revision in conformity to the code. To ensure that changes ordered are carried out, all drawings approved by the Authority are microfilmed as a permanent record. The penalty for ignoring recommendations will be expulsion from the publishers' association. All books produced by adherents to the code will carry the Authority's stamp of acceptability.

Mr. Murphy said last week that he is particularly anxious to eliminate explicit instruction in the commission of crimes as well as grosser forms of horror, terror and violence. The Authority will also blue-pencil ugly facial distortions and objectionable advertising. More clothing for feminine characters and a reduction in their curves may also be expected. No single influence in life today could be said to "cause delinquency," Mr. Murphy declared, certainly not comic books alone. He viewed the present clean-up campaign, however, as a valuable effort in improving the tone and taste of children's reading matter. He also warned that the task of re-educating comic book artists and writers might be slow.

After the Paris Treaties

M. MENDÈS-FRANCE, driven by Britain and the U.S. to identify himself at all costs with West German rearmament, was constrained to offer a sop to his Socialist and Gaullist opponents. This compensating idea (which, no doubt, appealed also to his own better judgment) was the doctrine that has come to be known in French political jargon as "Parallelism." Western policy must, he has been arguing, pursue two goals in parallel—ratification of the Paris Treaties, and Four-Power talks on a European settlement. At first hearing, this was not an entirely unattractive thesis. The rearming of West Germany, it could be held, had been more or less settled by Britain and the U.S., regardless of the Assembly: was there not something to be said for encouraging M. Mendès-France to secure his Washington flank by backing the Paris Treaties, while at the same time using his great prestige, both in France and the rest of Europe, to impress on his reluctant Nato colleagues the urgency of early talks with the Soviet Union?

Unfortunately, two factors have emerged since M. Mendès-France first formulated this strategy; and these have had the effect of disturbing the balance of his calculation. In the first place, official Soviet spokesmen hastened to point out —at a time when the French decision was still unmade—that it would be useless to hope for a successful European conference once the Paris Treaties had been ratified. Secondly, M. Mendès-France's all-or-nothing identification of his own political fortunes with those of the Paris Treaties (to say nothing of the parliamentary tactics he was driven to use) has left him in a much less secure position in his own country than at any time during his premiership. It is by no means certain that his opponents have either the desire or the means to bring him down immediately. But his romantic appeal to popular opinion has been, at least temporarily, lost, and from now on he will have to manoeuvre to remain in office like any other French Premier. Thus, whatever the attitude of the Russians, M. Mendès-France has grown weaker, not stronger, *vis-à-vis* his Western colleagues, and is probably less able than he was a month ago to take a strong initiative in the face of either inertia or hostility from the other Nato Powers.

Nevertheless, the situation is not without its flicker of opportunity. For there is one factor in the situation even more recent than the decision of the French Assembly: it is Mr. Malenkov's New Year message to the West. The most significant fact about this message is that, speaking *after* the ratification of the Paris Treaties, Mr. Malenkov did not rule out Four-Power talks. True, he did not specifically invite them. True, too, he did not refrain from observing that the West, by its German policy, was making them as difficult as possible. The fact remains that on New Year's Day he was notably less uncompromising and discouraging than his official spokesmen had been while West German rearmament remained in the balance.

Here, then, is perhaps a point scored for British official policy, which has always claimed that genuine negotiations with Moscow are its objective, and that those negotiations cannot take place until the Western alliance has established itself as a viable strategic grouping. But if Mr. Malenkov's words offer a hint of endorsement for that view, they also present Sir Anthony Eden with a challenge of terrifying moment. Month by month, the atomic supremacy of the West is melting away, and the ultimate balance of military force is thus shifting in favour of the East. Simultaneously, the political strategy of London and Washington is making it progressively harder to formulate the terms of an East-West bargain on Europe. We have always believed that the unification and neutralisation of the two Germanies was the proper solution to the German problem; and that there was, for a long time, a real possibility that Moscow would have traded free all-German elections in return for, say, a ten-year guarantee of German neutralisation. But now that the Paris Treaties are, in effect, ratified (we assume that the *Conseil d'Etat* will not impose any effective last-minute obstruction), the possibility of a united and neutralised Germany scarcely exists. At the same time, the award of full sovereignty to the Federal Republic provides Mr. Malenkov with both the incentive and the first beginning of an opportunity to offer a West German Chancellor reunification on Soviet terms. In return for a substantial guarantee that Germany, thus reunited, would not threaten the security of her Eastern neighbours, those terms might be generous enough to prove irresistible.

If talks, then, are to be held with any likelihood that the West will secure from them the strategic advantage of ensuring that West Germany does not fall under Soviet domination, they must be held quickly. The Paris Treaties, having destroyed the best chance that existed in the foreseeable future of uniting Germany peacefully, have, paradoxically, made it a matter of prime importance for both Britain and France that Germany for the present stays divided. Unification, in fact, can come now only from an act of war or a stroke of Soviet diplomacy. But a permanently divided Germany, however necessary its continuing division may be to the security of its Western neighbours, must be a terrifying prospect, unless the military preparations of the two Republics are subject to supervision by their respective allies and, if possible, to Four-Power agreement.

It is thus clear that M. Mendès-France's hope of a May conference is of far more than propaganda importance; and if he is too weak to carry his allies to the conference table unaided, Britain has the strongest possible reasons to help him. Nobody knows whether the Russians would attend such a conference with the desire to strike a bargain; or if they did, whether a bargain can any longer be formulated which is worth striking. But the chance of a successful conference should not be entirely written off. Mr. Malenkov has significantly left the door ajar. German rearmament has been made a constitutional possibility by the Paris Treaties, but it is not yet a fact. Even Dr. Adenauer, gravely embarrassed as he is by the hardening opposition of the West German Social Democrats to the arming of a divided Germany, may be prevailed on to hold his hand while the Four Powers make one more attempt to reach a limited agreement.

Sir Anthony Eden's responsibility is at this moment a very great one. Western statesmen have always sought to allay their peoples' fears of an arms race by the assurance that the military organisation of the West was to be regarded as the prerequisite of negotiations for co-existence with the East. The moment has now arrived when the value of that assurance can be put to the test. If the Russians are prepared to talk at all about the problems arising from the permanent separation and sovereignty of the two Germanies—and they, after all, continue to have a great interest in trying to negotiate limits on an arms race between the two Germanies—they will probably talk now, before the *Wehrmacht* and the *Luftwaffe* are actually recreated. What is certain is that, if the West delays any longer, it will lose whatever relative strength the efforts of the last six years have succeeded in creating; and that, if it once allows the militarisation of the Federal Republic to go beyond the point where a limitation of German arms can be realistically discussed, there will be nothing left to talk about.

Dedijer and Djilas

OFFICIAL spokesmen in Belgrade have endeavoured to minimise the importance of the Dedijer-Djilas affair, asserting that it is a strictly internal matter, much exaggerated abroad and of little significance because of the political isolation of the two central figures. It cannot be written off so lightly. Before he was deprived of all political office a year ago, Djilas was a vice-president of the Republic and had only recently been elected President of the National Assembly. Dedijer may not have held such high political office, but he was also a Member of the Assembly, biographer of Tito, and a leading member of the Central Committee; and both Djilas and Dedijer had been intimate colleagues of Tito in the pre-war Communist movement and in the partisan campaigns. Both are highly intelligent, men of principle with deep convictions and devotion to Communism. Now both men have committed what, to the strictly disciplined inner group of the Yugoslav Communists, is a heinous crime: they have shifted their platform from inside to outside the Party. The sin is not to hold views contrary to the official line, nor to discuss them, but to publish them. To breach the unity of the Party in this way is as bad as violating the British Cabinet's rules of collective responsibility.

The Yugoslav Communist Party is unique. Its inner circle consists of a small group of extremely able men bound together in loyalty by their pre-war underground struggle and their joint direction of the partisan war, in which an almost fanatical determination to liberate Yugoslavia for Communism was linked with an equally passionate patriotism. Throughout this terrible fight for independence, political discussion ran parallel with military organisation, and political discussion was as heated as the battle. In such conditions the strictest discipline was essential, and Dedijer reveals in his war diary that he himself was demoted by Tito early in the struggle for failing to carry out his orders. At the same time the partisan leaders had great faith in the Soviet Union and were unequalled in their devotion to it. When, therefore, Russia tried to subjugate Yugoslavia, a break was inevitable and a difficult readjustment of political ideas became necessary. Since then the Party has been trying to establish its own particular form of Communism and internal discussion has centred on what direction it should take. Decisions had to be made while the country was confronted with extremely difficult economic conditions, and these demanded a solution which did not necessarily square with Party theory. Within the Communist Party there arose differences of views as its leaders struggled with political ideas as they tried to evolve their own brand of Communism.

The crisis is not simply as to whether there shall be more democracy in Yugoslavia or how speedily it shall be brought about, but as to whether the unity and discipline of the Party shall be maintained. That is why the crisis is regarded as strictly internal and Edvard Kardeli, acting President in Tito's absence and generally accepted as his successor, attacked Dedijer and Djilas in terms that go far beyond normal

political polemics. Even so, Yugoslavia's present alignment with the West prevents this matter from being regarded solely as an internal affair. Public opinion in the democracies accepts Yugoslavia as a potential ally, partly no doubt because it believes that her particular form of Communism has thrown off the worst features of the police State and should slowly advance towards political democracy. In fact, the reaction of the West to the crisis shows that it is beginning to judge Yugoslavia by democratic standards, while its reactions to similar internal disputes in the Iron Curtain countries is very different. In this, public opinion is correct; since the break with the Cominform, and more particularly since 1950, there has been a new atmosphere of freedom in Yugoslavia. The conduct of the present affair shows that. Djilas has been living comfortably on a generous pension; he came freely to see me in my hotel in Belgrade last autumn and his views have recently been transmitted uncensored. After some delay the case has been reported in the Yugoslav press, and although Dedijer and Djilas are being interrogated by the public prosecutor, and the former has been deprived of his parliamentary immunity and is accused of propaganda hostile to the State, he has not yet been arrested.

Nevertheless, Djilas contends that there has been a retreat from the new freedom. Policy as laid down by Party congresses is to diminish the autocratic power of the Party, to substitute persuasion for dictation, to curtail its centralised power and to devolve political responsibility on to Parliament and the local councils, and to give the workers industrial power through the democratisation of nationalised industry. All this was proceeding. In Parliament, particularly in its committees, discussion has been lively and proposals emanating from the Central Committee have been subject to searching criticism and considerable amendment. Decentralisation of industry has given so much power to workers' councils at factory level that some of the advantages of large-scale organisation have been lost. Compulsory collectivisation of agriculture has ended, and the peasant left free to market his own produce. Finally, there has been a liberalisation of the judiciary and the power of the police has been curtailed.

Is there any justification for the assertions of Dedijer and Djilas that the trend of liberalisation has been halted, and for their claim that greater political and personal freedom is needed if the gains of the revolution are to be held? Last September Djilas told me that he considered a state of "political stagnation" had been reached and this view he recently repeated. He contends that full freedom of discussion is essential to a solution of Yugoslavia's economic and political difficulties, but that the Communists at the top cannot allow it and be sure of remaining in power. They have, therefore, stopped short of political freedom. Although Djilas put these views to me with obvious sincerity, I was pleased to find he harboured no bitterness towards those responsible for his political eclipse and had retained his lively sense of humour. Time and time again he stressed the need for full freedom of discussion outside the Party; from this, he considered, there would flow other freedoms essential to political democracy. These might be summarised as being freedom of expression, including publication; freedom of political criticism; freedom of elections, including free choice of candidates and freedom to form political parties. But although he goes so far, his idea of free elections is not that of the West. He would still confine such freedom to the Socialist Alliance, Yugoslavia's National Front. He wants more freedom in political thought and ideas, but always under the Socialist umbrella.

When I suggested that once there was political freedom the emergence of an opposition and of other parties was inevitable, Djilas replied that what he advocated was groupings of persons holding similar views within the Socialist Alliance. These groups would be merely the free political association of like thinkers, and the old royalists or bourgeoisie would not be able to re-emerge. From his recent interview with the *New York Times*, Djilas appears to have moved further towards a two-party system.

Yugoslavia has never experienced political democracy and it cannot be thrust suddenly upon her people, but granted only when they are fully prepared for it. The country is still 70 per cent. peasant; many of its people are as politically backward as their methods of cultivation. It is feared that complete political freedom, including the freedom of the press, might be exploited by interested parties from outside the country, and that Yugoslavia's independence would thereby be threatened. Djilas is, therefore, regarded as being ahead of his time. This is the issue of the debate, but the immediate crisis has been brought about by the defiance of the Party by Dedijer and Djilas.

ERNEST DAVIES

London Diary

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S broadcast on "Man's Peril from the Hydrogen Bomb" fittingly closed 1954. It was the wisest utterance of his extraordinary career. The moment was well chosen; if war feels less imminent now than it did twelve months ago, it is because both blocs, now armed with hydrogen bombs, obviously fear to run too great a risk. But our peril is not averted by the postponement of a war which the experts agree is quite likely to end the human race itself. Experiments with hydrogen bombs now produce incalculable results; the atomic "fall-out" may be lethal in any part of the world. American experts have settled in Japan for twenty-five years to watch for the genetic effects of even the comparatively trivial bombs that fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Thus, for the first time, man is compelled to abolish war or commit racial suicide. Bertrand Russell, who is far from neutral in feeling, said that if he were in control of a neutral government, "I should certainly consider it my paramount duty to see to it that my country would continue to have inhabitants." He suggests that some of the neutral Powers should "appoint a commission of experts, who should all be neutrals" to report and bring pressure on the Great Powers to end this perilous situation. This seems to me eminently practical. My only addition (one that this journal has urged ever since 1945) is that Britain, which is particularly vulnerable, should make itself one of the "uncommitted" Powers, refusing itself to be an atomic base and accepting Russell's advice to appeal, not on a basis of nationality or ideology, but as a nation of human beings who want to survive.

* * *

Few political records have fascinated me as much as the first volume of General de Gaulle's *Mémoires de Guerre* which has been my bedside reading for the last few weeks. As one might expect, the book is a best-seller in France and an English translation is to be published sometime in the summer. I predict that it will cause a good deal of Anglo-French back-slanging. The General writes a direct, soldierly prose leavened with a nice sense of irony and a surprising grasp of human nature. His "characters" of Churchill, Weygand and the Marshal are masterly and the whole book moves to a fine rhetorical groundswell *à la* Chateaubriand. But he is not one to pull his punches. Though he pays the Britain of 1940 a great many compliments, he never disguises the fact that his struggle to have the rights and pretensions of Free France recognised by the British Government was a constant uphill battle. It is interesting to compare his account of the sinking of the French Fleet and the ill-fated Dakar expedition with those given in the second volume of Sir Winston's War Memoirs. The man likely to join issue most fiercely with the General's book is Sir Edward Spears: the General's dislike of Sir Edward is well known. He cannot speak of Spear's devotion to the cause of France without qualifying it as "*une sorte d'amour inquiet et dominateur.*" At one point he seems to give Sir Edward the lie direct. In *The Fall of France* Spears describes the dodges that were employed to smuggle the General out of Bordeaux in June, 1940 after de Gaulle had declared that Weygand was planning to arrest him. Re-telling this episode, the General remarks haughtily: "*Le départ eut lieu sans romantisme et sans difficulté.*"

* * *

Dickens, admittedly, dealt with Christmas in a purely Pickwickian sense. How rare in the South of England is the "good old-fashioned Christmas" of Dingley Dell! I'm not sure that I ever remember one. But I saw it this time—in Switzerland—where, for a few days, I joined the great minority in search of sunshine. At first it snowed so much that there was nothing to do except try to paint the snow. Avalanches fell across the railway line and travellers were scattered in unexpected lodgings all the way from Zermatt to Boulogne; they all arrived at last, trudging the last mile or so on foot, weary but aglow with adventure. Then the sun came out, and here all around us was the Christmas of fairy pantomime. Hundreds of Christmas trees with their boughs heavy with snow; rowan trees with great clusters of red berries wearing caps of frozen white; horse sleighs, each jingling with a cascade of bells, trotting cheerfully through streets crowded with happy people all dressed in the gayest possible colours. And shining down upon us all from a dazzling blue sky a sun that made it a comfort, if one wished, to lie in the snow and stare up in wonder at the Matterhorn.

* * *

I also celebrated this seasonable Christmas by twice going to church. The first occasion was at midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. If it is true that churches are nowadays mainly either theatres or museums, this was certainly successful as a *drama*; that is, it partook of the very nature of primitive religion. The gorgeous ceremonial robes, the patterned motions, the fine music, the rolling ritual of Latin words—all these were the prelude to the mystic climax. The worshippers were silent and tense, ready for the moment when the Host was elevated; they were privileged to be present at a miracle. It was not a mundane affair to be discussed, doubted, confirmed, or argued about; it was the periodic enactment of a transcendental event in which all of them had shared since from childhood. A miracle had taken place; one could relax, reassured and safe, after witnessing it. How different was the carol service in the English church on Sunday evening! That, too, was packed with English visitors. Instead of a priest, standing with supernatural functions between Man and God, there was a pleasant pink-faced young English clergyman, who modestly presided over a social occasion. It was, in fact,

the ever-popular service of the Nine Lessons and Nine Carols—made memorable by Dame Edith Evans's reading of the Magnificat.

* * *

Carols are fun, and they are associated with happy family gatherings. We came away, holding on to each other down the dark, slippery path from the church, feeling better for an hour of agreeable communal activity. Unlike the Catholic peasants, who would all have given much the same answer if they had been asked to explain the meaning of their Mass, I doubt if any two members of this Anglican congregation would have agreed about the meaning of the ceremony they had enjoyed. Very few of us, I suppose, could have given any intelligible explanation of the doctrine of the Incarnation, or honestly have said that we believed that a good God created man and woman, permitted them to be tempted to disobedience by a snake, which was thenceforth accursed (why is its head bruised by man's heel more than, say, that of a scorpion, a jigger, or any other creeping pest?), and that at last, after a Deluge and many prophecies, made exclusively to the Jewish people, the Son of God was sent to be crucified as a man, with the result that God and His creatures were, for the first time, "reconciled." To how many people is this story "true" in the normal sense? The answer, I take it, is that few people want to consider it rationally; they like its associations and symbolic meaning; it is part of Christmas and saves it from becoming a mere orgy of eating and drinking. We proclaim our unity and make a joyful noise unto whatever kind of Lord (if any) we happen to have created for our comfort.

* * *

When I was skipping about among the chamoix on the sunny slopes of the Alps, controversy seems to have been raging here about the B.B.C. presentation of George Orwell's *1984*. The match between Palme Dutt and the Rest in the *Manchester Guardian* correspondence columns is fascinating. Palme Dutt scores at least one bull's-eye. It is true that the B.B.C. and the popular press scare us with pictures of fictional totalitarian torture and say nothing about the appalling persecution that is now apparently taking place in such a home of Western democracy as Iran. (Recently in this column I gave some details of this Terror, and there is confirmation for them in a letter, reliably though anonymously signed, which is published in this issue.) Dutt also fairly comments on the ultimate pessimism of the West, which today, in contrast to Communist optimism in the East, assumes that man's "unconquerable soul" can be conquered by force and fraud. But Dutt totally misreads Orwell, who in this last of his works was not doing anti-Soviet propaganda, or suggesting that men could be merely terrorised into submission. His pessimism implied, I should have thought, an absolute materialism. Science, he argued, by a precise combination of rewards and punishments, could condition human beings just as Pavlov conditioned dogs. This could happen, he said, in Britain, America, Russia or anywhere else. The strange contradiction of our day is that Communists, who should surely by their own philosophy accept this scientific, Orwellian view, leap with Palme Dutt into the bourgeois romanticism they have always scorned, declaring that the human spirit can triumph over the matter from which it springs, while the West, lapsing into Marxist determinism, agonisingly assumes that the geneticist, the torturer and the scientific propagandist can turn us all into a pack of dogs or a nest of termites.

* * *

One conversation overheard when I was in Switzerland is worth repeating. A visitor (nationality to be guessed, but not revealed) said to his ski instructor after a few days' work: "I'd say I was getting on pretty well, wouldn't you? I don't ski so badly now, do I?" The instructor replied that he was glad that his pupil had made such good progress. "Yes," said the novice, "but I have got to go tomorrow. There is just one thing I would like to ask you. How do I stop?"

CRITIC

GOLDEN RULES

It is announced that the Federal Government is expected to publish twelve rules for German tourists.—NEWS ITEM.

Fritz abroad, to show he can
Be a little gentleman,
Must as guest of foreign nations,
Follow rules and regulations.
Though at home in Germany,
Doing what comes naturally,
Foreigners are now complaining
He's in need of social training,
So the Government provide
Every German tourist's guide.
Fritz, before the foreign host,
Must not, as a German, boast,
While there's not the slightest need
To pretend that he's a Swede.
In costume he must be correct,
In conversation circumspect,
Nor must he, on first introduction,
Start giving foreigners instruction,
But, never speaking out of turn,
Be ready, not to teach, but learn.
He will not, though the urge is strong,
Burst uninvited into song,
Nor yet the worse for drink be seen,
Nor be in money matters, mean.
By such behaviour he will be
Assured of popularity
With Britons, Frenchmen, and the Dutch
Who now don't like him very much,
And soon, with reasonable care,
Fritz will be welcome everywhere.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

What I have said has demonstrated that it is very difficult to find an answer to that question, but if I were pressed for an answer I would say that, so far as we can see, taking it rather by and large, taking one time with another, and taking the average of Departments, it is probable that there would not be found to be very much in it either way.—Sir Thomas Padmore, reported in Minutes of Evidence to Royal Commission on the Civil Service. (J. B. Hodgson.)

It is this high and serious quality of being set apart—by God, if you will—that saves the Crown from corrosion by the nauseous publicity that is concentrated on it.—*Observer*. (Helen Singer-Blau.)

The colonel looked around his battle-dressed boys yesterday and said: "I wanted to keep alive the horse tradition.

"It's extremely healthy—and the care of horses helps officers and N.C.O.s to look after their men even better."—*Daily Express*. (Michael Hennings.)

The "Cash Only" Furnishers. Our van at your door assures the neighbours that you purchased for cash.—Advert. in *The Saffron Walden Weekly News*. (Christopher M. T. Brown.)

Unlike London, Manchester and other big cities and towns, Southport is a genteel place and so, too, are its shoppers.—*Southport Visiter*. (W. P. Chambers.)

The Braden Case

FIFTEEN years in prison and $5,000 fine are an astounding punishment for helping a Negro to purchase a home, even in the Southern States. Surely, there must be complicating factors? Yes. The home is in an all-White neighbourhood on the outskirts of Louisville, Kentucky. Carl Braden, a White man who abetted this purchase and who received this stiff sentence, is an avowed Socialist. Thus, the fury of real-estate operators at this transgression of the racial barrier which putatively protects "property values" coalesced with the hysteria of the current American heresy-hunt to spin the wheels of justice at a frightening pace. The legislation used to crush the offender, formerly a copy editor for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, was a Kentucky statute enacted in 1920 and never before invoked. It provides penalties for "teaching, advocating or suggesting the doctrine of criminal syndicalism or sedition, or change of the government of the United States or Commonwealth of Kentucky . . . by force or violence."

The chain of events started last May 10, when Mr. and Mrs. Braden purchased a $10,000 house and transferred the deed to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wade, a Negro couple. As soon as the Wades moved in, both couples received threats, shots were fired into the house, windows were smashed, and a fiery cross burned outside. Braden and Wade were harassed by arrest on petty charges. And, as a sure indication of the source of the pressure, the mortgage company filed suit for foreclosure, and the house's insurance was cancelled. (Improper transfer of the deed was cited in the action, and a banking official admitted under oath that the Wades being Negro was the underlying cause. Although restrictive housing covenants have been declared legally unenforceable, lending agencies seem to have assumed the powers of selectivity.)

On the midnight of June 26, despite a special police guard outside, the Wade home was dynamited and heavily damaged. The terrorists acted just as a Negro firm was planning to take over the disputed mortgage. On September 15, Commonwealth's Attorney A. Scott Hamilton presented before a County grand jury the theory that the bombing of the house was a Communist plot to stir up racial discord. He proceeded to summon members of the Wade Defence Committee—a group formed to guard the home and to fight the mortgage litigation—and question them as to whether they had ever been Communists, etc. Hamilton ignored evidence that a one-time Ku Klux Klan chieftain had publicly incited violence against the Wades, and he denied a widespread report that a former policeman had signed a confession admitting the dynamiting.

On October 1, the Bradens and four other White persons were indicted under the sedition law. These included a 79-year-old retired river-boat captain, two women social workers, and a truck driver. The truck driver was also charged with the bombing. Although he produced evidence that he was in Detroit at the time, it was hinted that he had fired the dynamite by means of a radio, which he had given the Wades and which was found damaged in the wreckage of the house. On November 4, four of the group were indicted on a charge of conspiring to blow up the home "to promote the cause of Communism." Significantly, neither Wade nor any other Negro has been accused. Such omission is in keeping with the hoary Southern myth that Negroes who demand their rights aren't "responsible," but have been egged on by "agitators."

While the defendants were in jail in default of

bond, police raided their residences and confiscated books and private papers which the prosecutor called "Communistic." Such data formed the bulk of the evidence against Carl Braden when his trial for sedition began on November 29. At this trial, the prosecution presented nine ex-Communists, all seasoned witnesses at such hearings, who pointed to the books and expounded on the revolutionary intentions of the Party. None of them knew Braden. One, Manning Johnson, only recently had been threatened with perjury proceedings for his attempt to smear Dr. Ralph Bunche in a loyalty investigation. Johnson told in practised detail of a Red plot to set up a Negro republic in the Black Belt sector of the South by confiscating the land of White owners.

Now Kentucky is hundreds of miles from that sector. So what relevance did Johnson's tale have to the case? It happens that I formerly worked with Braden at the *Courier-Journal*, and now reside in the Black Belt of Alabama. Personal letters from me to the Bradens had been among the lot confiscated by the police. They were introduced as evidence, presumably to show that Braden had ties with a Black Belt resident—and since this resident had ties with Braden, he, in turn, must be a Red. (To extend this mad skein of guilt across the Atlantic, let me add that Carl Braden gave me my first subscription to THE NEW STATESMAN.)

After Braden testified that he had never been a Communist, a surprise rebuttal witness was produced—a seamstress who had been a close associate of the Bradens. She revealed on the stand that she had been on the F.B.I. pay-roll since 1951, and that the Bradens had inducted her into the Communist Party at that time. She could produce no credentials to back up either association. She received her $125-a-month stipend from the F.B.I. in cash, she said, and the Bradens had just "told" her she was part of a cell. The F.B.I. refused to submit copies of her reports, on the grounds of national security, and the judge agreed. An F.B.I. agent did swear that she had been a "confidential informant."

Braden took the stand again to deny this witness's statements about him, and to assert that she had distorted the character of the activities in which they had participated, but to no avail. He now plans an appeal to higher courts, and the basis for seeking review is considerable. Pertinent questions are the constitutionality of the law, the legality of the book-raid on his home, and—incidentally—just what sedition he has committed. Even the spying seamstress shed no light on the alleged bombing plot. The trials of the other defendants are set for February.

Meanwhile, buried in the mass of congratulatory messages the prosecutor has received from the American Legion and other patriotic groups, lies the issue which precipitated this purge of "dangerous elements"—the right of an American citizen, regardless of creed or colour, to live where he chooses. Louisville, despite a large and rapid increase of its residential limits, retains some of the worst Negro slums in the country. A sociologist, studying one of these areas in the heart of the city, reported that the hardest part of his survey was retaining investigators—so many quit in disgust at what they saw. The Negro community did not judge the behaviour of the Bradens with the horrified eyes of Louisville's White "respectability." A leading Republican attorney volunteered his legal services; the editor of the local Negro newspaper and a prominent clergyman are on the executive board of the Wade Defence Committee.

The Negro ghetto is racial discrimination's last bastion in America. By rigid residential separation the exercise of voting franchise, the integration of schools, and the opportunities for social amity between races can be subtly but effectively limited or denied. This arrangement is the source of much revenue for real-estate promoters, who play White against Black in the artificial housing shortages it creates. The efforts of a small band of idealists to remedy such an enormously endowed evil may be considered rash. But if the authorities are seeking to defer the day of reckoning by crucifying them, they are wrong. The restiveness of the Negro everywhere is growing; in time, the F.B.I.'s whole vast storehouse of derogatory data will not suffice to dam the tide.

ALFRED MAUND

The Railwaymen

TRESPASSERS, it said optimistically, would be prosecuted. I stepped through an unguarded gap in the fence and entered a large siding in North London. This siding lacks nearly everything. It stands on a hill with little shelter. When the wind blows, it bites through your clothes; icy weather makes the ground treacherous, and where it slopes down towards the lines a slip can mean death; when it rains there is a coating of mud over everything, and between the trains, where the men work, the water streams from the roofs down the necks of the railwaymen. "It doesn't matter what you wear," they told me, "at the end of eight hours you're soaked through to the skin." There are inadequate lights, and the men have to take their own hand-torches with them, to find their way to the entrance when they finish in the evening, across the maze of lines (raised wooden boards between rails are a station luxury), and past the posts (often unpainted) which straggle alongside the track, and over the lumps of coal and the cables, the uneven ground with manhole covers and loose earth. "We went to the administration," a railwayman said, "and asked for raised platforms between the lines, as a start—for safety, you know. They said it just wasn't worth doing—the whole siding needed rebuilding, and, until they had capital to do the whole job properly, it wasn't worth tinkering."

That is really the story of British Railways. The railways might pay if someone would spend a lot of money on them, on electrification and diesels and on more mechanical aids; but it would need at least £500 million and, according to rumours, the report which the British Transport Commission is publishing shortly puts the cost at £1,200 million. But there is more to it than this. Frustration and bitterness will remain on the railways as long as the men feel that they are not running them themselves, for the community. The compensation payments of £40 million a year nag at their morale, and they will never feel real loyalty until the direction of the B.T.C. is securely in the hands of transport workers. They have neither love nor respect nor even hostility—just indifference—towards its chairman, General Sir Brian Robertson ("the General," they call him, with a smirk). I eavesdropped on a conversation between two N.U.R. Executive members in a pub. "Did you see whom we've got, for God's sake, on our Regional board? A banker. What does he know about railways?" "Well, what about Jack Tanner on the Eastern Region? He was all right in his time, but now he's an elderly man, and he's never had anything to do with railways. What about . . . ." And they would reel off names of men who had given their lives to railways and stood not a dog's chance of running them. . . .

At Unity House, the N.U.R. Headquarters, they were busy on the details of organising the strike. Something like three-quarters of a million pounds would have to be issued weekly in strike pay. Banks had to be warned so that the cash would be at hand, branches had to be instructed on how to draw the money, thousands of cheques had to be made out and signed, and schemes devised to forestall any Government interference; it was all being done with a thoroughness worthy of an insurrection. It is nearly 30 years since the last big rail strike, but the machinery has never been allowed to rust. The officials, from General Secretary down to typist, had lost a lot of sleep—but through working, not worrying. No one doubted that the Government would be unable to withstand a rail stoppage; but none had forgotten that they are trying to make, not break, the railways. "My father was a railwayman," one youthful official was telling me, "and we three boys never dreamed for a moment of going into any industry except the railways. My mother used to say that the pay was never much, but at least it was regular. And now one brother is a signalman and another a railway clerk, and I'm at Head Office. But today the tradition is going. Boys come on the railways and see what prospects they have, and their friends are getting twice as much in other jobs, and they just don't stick."

At a branch meeting I attended, the chairman was in the strike they all talk about in the N.U.R.—the 1919 fight against the Geddes brothers, when the Government surrendered after 10 days. The chairman was "off sick" when the strike was called; he went in, to report for duty, an hour before the strike was due, and then signed off again so that there should be no ambiguity about his position. There was a small attendance—it should be noted, in fairness, that even with a strike in the air, apathy inside an excellent union like the N.U.R. is nearly as bad as in the general unions. But there was never a rustle of criticism, here or anywhere that I went on the railways, of the union leadership. "You can trust the Executive," said one speaker, "we know they will do whatever is necessary and best."

Circulars from Head Office were read, setting out the strike call in calm language. A young member said he had never been in a strike before, and what exactly was going to happen? Details of how to draw strike pay were discussed. A box would be put on the table, said the chairman, so that strikers who could manage without their 36s a week strike pay, or with only part of it, could drop something in to a distress fund for men with families and special problems. Someone wanted to know about men who lived some distance from their workplaces. There might be no transport for them, as the buses would probably come out, too, and anyway it would cost too much to come in every day to sign the strike roll. What about arranging for them to sign-on and draw their pay through other branches? The branch committee was to be in permanent session. Where would it meet? (The Labour Party says its rooms will be available to the N.U.R. whenever it wants them, said the chairman.) Then the older men talked of 1919, of J. H. Thomas. Someone remembered wistfully how they had marched through the town at midnight, that time, as the strike began. And there were references to the Triple Alliance, and someone recalled sadly that it was the N.U.R. which smashed it. Their ages ranged from twenty to sixty and though they all knew that within days they might be facing the most severe crisis of their lives, they were calm and determined. One of them had the habit of taking off his cap and gesturing with it to emphasise a point, but most of them spoke in the hesitant, restrained way with which they would discuss whether it was more

convenient to hold the next meeting at seven o'clock or seven-thirty. Then someone made a stirring speech about their leaders and, in particular, their local leader, and it was the only brief note of emotion. It was quickly dropped. Next business, said the chairman, and they were off discussing the case of a man who was disgruntled about promotion; the union was back to normal.

They were *not* eager to strike but they were determined to do so if the union said "Yes," and they felt they could beat the Government. They showed no bitterness because it wasn't "Our People" who were in power; but it seemed a long time since that exuberant day in the summer of 1945 when Clement Attlee mentioned that he had been summoned to Buckingham Palace.

DAVID ROSS

Farm Defenders

THE enemies of the farm are numerous, tireless and pervasive. They come by day and they come by night, they are always mobile and often invisible, they fly, they crawl, they are carried by winds and by water, by men and by animals. In shape and size they range from the familiar rabbit and rat *via* fungi and bacteria to the subtle viruses which not even the ordinary microscope can reveal, and they take their toll in a variety of different ways. Sometimes they cause negligible loss, sometimes crippling. In all, they probably cost us about 10 per cent. of our agricultural production; one farm in ten works to feed pests.

The first defender of the farm is, of course, the farmer himself, and he can do much to prevent or discourage the pests which may afflict the organic community he guards. In particular, observance of the traditional rules of good husbandry and good animal management will go far to keep his crops and stock healthy. Further, he can with his own resources do much to control such vermin as rabbits, rats and mice. Even here, however, he may prefer certain types of gas or poison to gun and dog, snare and trap, and the point is significant. The farmer will commonly find it convenient, and often essential, to call in the aid of his allies. Of these the first is the scientist.

It is he who studies habits and properties of these pests, who assesses their strengths and weaknesses, who designs the weapons to be used against them and advises on both local tactics and general strategy. Sometimes he can work directly with the farmer. He may, for instance, prepare "weapons" of facts collected and digested in a manner which influences farming practice. Thus a knowledge of the life-history of the wheatbulb fly enables the farmer to plant his crops in an order and at times of the year which either discourage the female fly from laying her eggs or reduce the ravages of her earth-born grubs. Alternatively, he may provide physical weapons, such as the seeds of improved varieties of crop into which the plant-geneticist has bred immunity or resistance to particular types of pest. But generally the remedies developed by the scientist reach the farmer through the manufacturer.

Indeed, every year adds to the list of protective and curative products on the market. In the First World War, for instance, it was estimated that wireworms cost us more wheat than the U-boats; in the later years of the Second World War, the farmer could control them by harrowing a preparation of benzene hexachloride into the soil. By the same token, he can now protect his seedcorn against the "bunt" fungi by dressing it with organo-mercury compounds which are both more reliable or more convenient than the various concoctions used by his fathers. Again, the new chemical sprays with their cryptically alphabetical names can now destroy many of the insects which he had come to accept as a normal cause of farm-wastage and, if he chooses to hire a helicopter, he can destroy them at any stage of the crop's growth. And as it is with plants, so is it with animals. Mastitis, a generic term for certain bacterial infections of the udder which possibly reduce our output of milk by as much as one gallon in twenty, now yields to penicillin or streptomycin, while the S.19 vaccine, first produced in this country during the war, protects cattle against the more disastrous contagious abortion. Individually, these may seem no more than local successes. Collectively, they represent a major victory for the farmer.

Sometimes, however, the enemy is too elusive for direct attack, and can best be controlled by forbidding him the harbourage on which he depends for life. But these harbourages exist on individual farms and, in some measure, at the will of individual farmers, so that the industrious may be at the mercy of the idle, the conscientious at the mercy of the careless. It is no use growing roses if your neighbour runs an aphis-hatchery. Therefore the State, as the guardian of economic society, has taken upon itself the enforcement of the sanitary regulations necessary to check the spread of pests and diseases which cannot be controlled by individuals; Leviathan assumes the responsibilities of the General Staff, planning and directing schemes of attack and defence beyond the powers of the local forces. It is by these means, for instance, that "foot-and-mouth" is controlled in this country and a systematic and successful long-term campaign waged against the tuberculosis of cattle. Indeed, in the past this combination of public and private effort has achieved some spectacular triumphs. By such a combination was sheep-pox eradicated from this country by 1860, pleuro-pneumonia of cattle by 1900 and glanders of horses by 1930. By such a combination was the most terrible of them all, the rinderpest which in the 1860's cost us nearly a tenth of our entire cattle population, finally mastered and sent down into history.

Yet the most successful of the defence-schemes of British agriculture are also the least obvious, for they deal with pests which are still mercifully unknown in these islands. It is possible to compile a lengthy list of destructive insects, bacteria and viruses known in America or on the Continent which are kept from the British farmlands by steady and ceaseless public effort. But perhaps the Colorado Beetle, whose gaily-coloured picture enlivens so many of our Post Offices, may serve as a type of these potential invaders, these absent enemies.

This beetle was first noted by an American naturalist on the Rocky Mountains in the year 1824; and in the next half-century, exploiting man's unintentional encouragement, it spread slowly eastwards, feeding on the potato crops of the settlers as it went, until it reached the Atlantic sea coast. Here for a time it halted, for the nations of Europe, seeing the havoc it had wrought in the New World, took effective measures to bar its entry to their ports. But Europe's extremity was the beetle's opportunity, and it apparently first came to France with the American Army in the First World War. By 1921 it was firmly established in the Bordeaux area, from which it spread steadily until the disorganisation of the Second World War gave it a second opportunity for more dramatically extended ravages. It reached the Low Countries in 1939 and Germany a few years later, it had crossed the Pyrenees into Spain by 1942 and the Alps into Italy by 1950. It also crossed the Channel. The "Tilbury scare" of 1901 was an isolated settlement from infected imports, but in the last decade beetles have regularly found their way to this country from the mainland, sometimes on imported vegetables, sometimes independently on ships or aircraft. They have even established occasional breeding colonies. But they have never secured a permanent foothold in Britain. By rigid inspection at the ports, by spraying threatened areas with insecticide, by successful appeals to the public to report suspicious insects, by these and other means have our potato crops been saved from the Colorado Beetle.

Indeed, the farmer in Britain has few more valuable allies than the inspector at the docks and the airport, or such private friends as the Devon schoolboy whose sharp observation in 1941 led to the destruction of a breeding colony of Colorado Beetles. Any of these can in a few minutes prevent eventual damage which might take a generation to make good. Here as elsewhere the price of freedom is constant vigilance.

NIGEL HARVEY

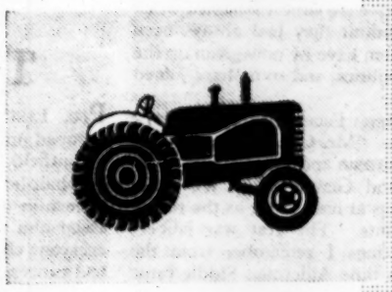
Mr. Chairman and Friends

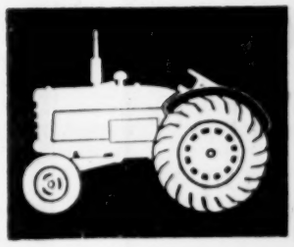
IN the days before television, in the late '20s and early '30s, when Sir John Reith's B.B.C. relayed a Sunday programme of unrelieved melancholy, there was some point in having political meetings. In those days at least the converted attended. Nowadays no one attends. In the Bradford of those days the pattern of winter Sundays was set by tradition, Sunday school, Sunday dinner, topped by Sunday evening meeting at the Mechanics' Institute or the Independent Labour Party Hall.

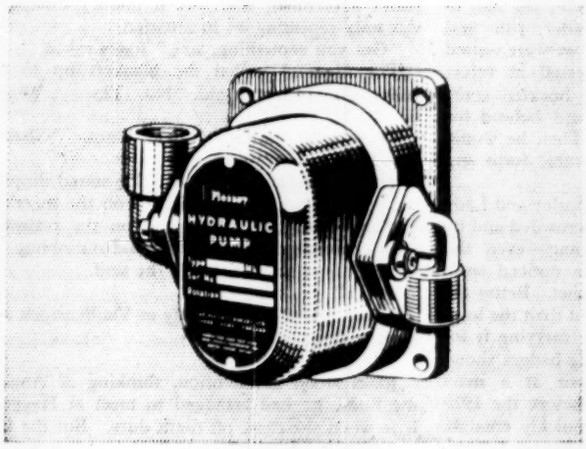
We wore our best clothes. We children always got our new clothes at Whitsuntide and they hung in the cupboard throughout the week to be taken down on Sunday, smelling of newness and moth balls. We never missed a meeting from the time we were old enough to walk the two miles into town and the two miles back again. We played games, spelling games, counting-lamp-post games and not-stepping-on-the-cracks-in-the-pavement games all the way to town. In the meeting hall we played other games, counting bald heads and counting how often a speaker said "Er, um, er."

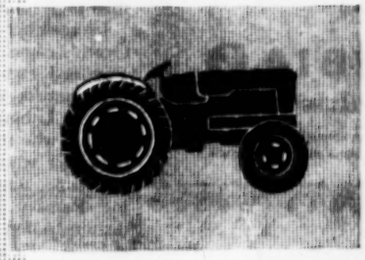
We never had the faintest idea what the speeches were about. We crossed and uncrossed our legs. We leaned back on the tip-up seats and crashed forward again. We made rabbits from our handkerchiefs. We sucked sweets. We stared at the lights and screwed up our eyelids to make the spectrum appear through our lashes. We clapped when everyone else clapped, which was not often because the Bradford audience scorns these outbursts of irrelevant enthusiasm. We listened to the grown-ups shouting "Hear, Hear," and we longed and longed for the end when we would sing "The Red Flag."

We knew almost everyone, and everybody knew us. We even knew the hecklers, most of them members of the Communist Party who came to oppose the miscellany of M.P.s, ex-Cabinet Ministers and trade union leaders who made their political pilgrimage to the hard, dour city on the flanks of the Pennines. Our Communists were a hard-working group. As we filed into the hall they would hand out leaflets on Soviet Russia. We children welcomed them for the illustrations. They showed tractors and dynamos and Red Army soldiers. Our Communists were up against impossible odds in trying to man the barricades









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from the solid phalanx of Labour supporters at our meetings. But they were determined to be revolutionary. One married couple among them, living happily together having been joined legally according to the law and the church, pretended to be unmarried in order to demonstrate their belief in free love. They were almost ashamed when they had finally to admit they had always been married. Most of them have by now given up the struggle, eschewed politics, and some have joined the Catholic Church.

Sunday after Sunday. Faces opening and shutting on the platform. "Mr. Chairman and Comrades," or "Mr. Chairman and Friends," or "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen." We could follow the proceedings at least as far as the recognised opening gambits. The rest was jabberwocky. Some meetings I remember from the rest. There was the time Alderman Siddle came back from Oberammergau and we had lantern slides instead of polemic. Once I got lost and wandered into a room at the back of the hall to find A. J. Cook, the miners' leader, pale and drawn, sipping a cup of tea. Once we were visited by an itinerant propagandist dressed in velvet jacket, knee breeches and silver buckled court shoes. He tucked a goatee beard behind his violin and played music to us. Then he would give a little homily in simple parable form and then more music.

I remember when Sir Oswald Mosley and Lady Cynthia came. The meeting was crowded and by Bradford standards almost delirious—even the Communists were silent. I have noticed since that the Labour Party loves a baronet. Better the baronet who suddenly sees the light than the loyal old-timer who has been patiently carrying it for a lifetime. Once I sold buttonhole badges showing Ramsay MacDonald's portrait at a mass demonstration he addressed just before the 1929 election. I could not sell them quickly enough. The pockets of my Sunday suit were heavy with coin. As he left the platform a hysterical woman (she could not, I swear, have been a native Bradfordian) ran down the gangway and kissed him. "Bless you," she said, "Bless you." I remember Swaffer with his stock and Major Attlee speaking with thumb and forefinger in waistcoat pocket.

But of all meetings I remember those when the speaker stayed with us. Ours was a small Council house, always spotless, but turned out, dusted and polished anew when the speaker was staying. I had to move out of my bedroom and sleep on a wire mesh camp bed somewhere else. After the meeting I would be packed off to bed where I would lie still, ears straining, listening hard to the mumble of voices in the living room where the speaker and a few of the neighbours were having a bit of supper.

In the morning I would rouse the speaker with a cup of tea and hang around until he had come downstairs to shave in the tiny bathroom. It was not that I had anything to say, and the visiting speakers must have found it a strain to manufacture small-boy small-talk in face of my round-eyed awe at eight-thirty on a raw Yorkshire Monday morning. I just wanted to catch a closer look at the people who could talk and talk and make a couple of hundred people listen. I never learned anything from this scrutiny. But I must have put a few propagandists off their breakfast.

In retrospect they are anonymous—a steady stream of good men and wicked men, the strong and the weak, the saint and the charlatan. But they were real and in the flesh. They could be challenged and their worth could be estimated. They and their audiences were feeding a hope while searching for truth. Perhaps they didn't find much—but they made an effort. They tried to communicate and to understand and to participate. Nowadays the old crowded, song-singing, pulsating, human Sunday meeting is a thin, poor shadow. And we stay home and watch other shadows on the big white eye of the television screen. I do not think that we have progressed.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The General

PFC. LINCOLN JONES looked at the General, propped up against the pillows in the room facing the airfield. He wouldn't let them take him to a hospital; he was a Seventh Day Healer and didn't believe in doctors. "Piles!" he said when they asked him what was the matter. But Jones, like everyone else on the Base, knew that the Old Man had cancer. The Old Man himself knew it, and when he told his night orderly Jones during the hours of insomnia that "Man was born perfect; pain's a blemish; therefore it doesn't exist," he was only repeating an incantation.

"Get you something, sir?" Jones asked.

The General pulled the blankets up to his yellow-grey face and said, "No. Yes. . . . What's the time?"

"Five after midnight," said Jones. "Shall I put the light out, sir?"

The General didn't answer. He stared through the window towards the aircraft on the marshalling apron of the airfield and on the runways, their engines gently muttering and mumbling.

"See those aircraft, boy?" he said.

"Sir?"

"Each one of them can fly to Vladivostock and back without refuelling."

"Yes, sir."

Jones stood at attention, thinking of Angela, the nurse he had arranged to meet at Hagger's Rise when she came off night duty. But the Old Man had begun to talk as he had done every night for the past week, a yackety-yack about the strategic airforce, about home, about his dead wives, about God-knows-what, hour after hour, till he went drowsy and Jones could slip away.

"How old are you, Lincoln?" the General asked. Same question every night.

"Twenty, sir."

"Where you from?"

"Toledo, Ohio."

"Married?"

"Yes, sir. And a kid."

The General splayed his hands over the blanket and began to hum to himself. At last, the orderly felt he had to make conversation.

"You married, sir?" he asked, and went red, thinking for Chrissake he's had two wives and buried them both.

"No more," the General answered. "Not any more." He looked out of the window.

"You know what's in them 'planes, boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You could be home . . . tomorrow," said the General. He paused and reflected. "Look at it this way. I don't want to be here. You don't want to be here. And as for them," he waved towards the black English woods beyond the base, "they don't want us either. So why do we stay?"

Jones began to speak.

"No, don't tell me, Lincoln. I'll tell you. We're here because it's duty . . . duty."

Jones saw that the General's eyes, light blue over the putty bags, were floating in tears. He always cried when he spoke of the flag, or duty and of home. Otherwise, no one had ever seen him show emotion, not even after the daylight raid, the mass raid in 1944 when only eighteen per cent. came back and the others had to dump their bombs on the wrong side of the line.

"You knit?" the General asked suddenly.

"Sir?"

"It's a gag," said the General. "Forget it." He smiled, and said: "It's a bad business. There's fifteen hundred million people in the world . . . just think of that."

"It's a lot of people," said Jones.

"And tonight," said the General, "there's ten people—in America and Russia and England—there's ten people—who can say 'Drop the Big One'—and finish. . . ."

"Congress . . ." Jones began.

"Congress . . . Parliament . . . the Kremlin. . . . Give me that towel, boy. . . ." The General wiped his face. "Forget it, Lincoln. There's ten people . . . maybe six . . . who can say, 'Let's go.' And I—take a look, Lincoln—I'm one of them."

"That's sure something," said Jones complaisantly. Punkface, he said to himself. I'll be late. She'll be waiting. Hurry up, Leatherguts, Squashnose, Squareass—he called the Old Man by his familiar titles.

The General dozed, and Jones moved backwards inch by inch to the door.

"Don't go away, boy," said the General. "Come and sit here. I want company."

"Yessir," said Jones. You mean old bastard.

The General was wide awake. "You a Bible-reader, Lincoln?" he asked.

"No, sir!" said Jones. "I'm a Piscalopian."

"Yes," said the General. "I see." He raised himself against the pillows and listened to the sound of the engines that had momentarily risen to a rumble like the sound of a train in a long tunnel before receding again into a murmur.

"The goddam things keep me awake," he said. "Say Lincoln . . . notice anything different about me in the last week?"

"Not a thing, sir."

"Notice . . ." the General hesitated. "Notice anything about my colour?"

Yes, said Jones to himself. The sonofabitch looks like mud.

"You look pretty good to me, sir."

"Pretty good . . . !" the General echoed. "Pretty good. . . . Listen, son, I'm dying. . . ."

Jones took a step towards him, and the General said: "That's all right. You know it. . . . Everyone knows it. I'm bleeding to death."

Jones came to attention.

"I could go home," said the General, his eyes closing, half asleep. "I live in Detroit. . . . But it's the Russkis. . . . Them and duty. . . . And anyway, I hate hotels."

He opened his eyes again.

"You remember Samson?" he asked.

"Lieutenant Samson, sir?" Lincoln asked.

"No, Lincoln. Samson . . . in the temple . . . among the Philistines . . . in Gaza. Remember him?"

"No, sir," said Jones. She'd be waiting in the cold. Perhaps she wouldn't even wait.

"Bring me the Bible, son," said the General. The orderly handed him the Armed Forces Bible. The General read it every night, and the cover and spine had detached themselves from the pages. He turned the leaves and said, "Here, Lincoln . . . listen. . . ." He began to read in a mournful, ceremonial voice.

"'And she said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out as. . . .' No. . . . Not that bit. . . . Here we go. . . . You listening, boy?"

"Yes," said Jones. His face was sullen, and he looked at the floor so that the Old Man shouldn't see his hatred.

"Well" said the General. He began to read again, slowly because a spume kept rising to his mouth.

"'And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes.'"

The General paused and reflected, ". . . 'for my two eyes' . . ." Then he went on, "'And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life. . . .'"

The General's voice ebbed away.

"It's the Russkis, boy," he continued. "And I'm the Senior General of the Independent Strategic Air Force. Why the hell are you standing there, you goddamned brainless cluck?" His voice rose into a raw shout frustrated by his weakness. "Get the hell out of here!"

"Yessir," said Jones. He hurried out of the room, and as he ran over the asphalted path to his hut, he could hear the General's voice over the loud-hailer system calling the codeword, "Big Bang, Big Bang, Big Bang," followed by the ringing of the alarm bells. He saw pilots trotting to their aircraft while other aeroplanes began to trundle to the head of the runways.

That was in 1958, the night the General died and one thermo-nuclear bomb fell on Kharkov and one on Leeds.

MAURICE EDELMAN

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The New Statesman and Nation, January 8, 1955

Friend of All the World

As he was on his way to the Ministry of Information to take charge of Press Censorship in the early days of the war, Sir Walter Monckton met an old friend who gave him some good advice. "This time, Walter," he said, "try to remember the old saying: 'Ambitious men make friends of princes, wise men of the press.'" "The trouble is picking the right prince," said Monckton, hurrying on. Arrived at the Ministry, he shook the first journalist he met—a very junior reporter with a paragraph about a suburban Mayor—warmly by the hand. "Don't forget," he said, "my door is always open." Since then, Sir Walter has moved on and up. The friend of princes and pressmen has received a yet rarer accolade: he is approved by Arthur Deakin. "You can trust Walter," says Arthur. "Why, we've been able to do things with him we couldn't with our own people when they were in."

Sir Walter is the great charmer. And like the gentle rain from heaven, his charm falls equally on the just and the unjust, or at any rate the important and unimportant. It is non-exclusive. As soon as one meets him one is conscious of it. The tap is turned, the warm spray plays gently. It is as deliberate, as unsubtle as that. And yet, try as one may, it is impossible not to feel flattered—if only for the reason that Sir Walter should think one worth the effort. But he thinks everyone is worth the effort. Indeed he cannot, one suspects, be other than charming now—he has done it so often that the smile, the warm handshake, the caressing interest in everything that is said, have become like something out of a Pavlov textbook, reflex actions, conditioned responses.

Yet the odd thing is that this charm of Sir Walter's, which has to be looked at first in considering either his career or his personality, since it has so large a part in both, is, despite its professionalism, its carefully practised premeditation, genuine. He is the living embodiment of that famous American literary work, *How to Make Friends and Influence People*—carefully bound in a neatly tailored black coat and striped trousers. But it is not the spur of ambition alone that drives him. His friendship, like his generosity, is ready and unpremeditated. He likes to be liked. Of course, but then, unlike some other professional charmers, he really likes people. When he told the junior reporter at the Ministry of Information that his door was always open, he really meant it. Padding around the Bureau of Censorship at all hours of the day and night, he would make the most insignificant feel, as he talked to them, that their troubles and problems, they themselves, were his one compelling interest in life. And for the moment, in fact, they were. Each moment had—and has—its own veracity. The contact was genuine, the self-engagement none the less truthful because transitory. It is this capacity for self-engagement, a natural talent cultivated with loving care, that is the basis of all his success. He lives to make friends. It is only to be expected that some of them should turn out to be very useful to him.

It began at Balliol, where his charm led him into the intimate circle of the Prince of Wales and brought him in due course, after the interlude of the first world war and a successful beginning at the Bar, the appointment of Attorney-General to the Prince in 1932 and, four years later, to the Duchy of Cornwall. It may have been, as things turned out, that for an ambitious man, Monckton picked the wrong prince. But having picked him there is this to be said: he never wavered. He remained his closest and most faithful confidant throughout the period of the abdication, accompanied him to the last broadcast, went with him to the quayside when he sailed. He has remained one of the Duke of Windsor's closest friends ever since. Yet it is also characteristic both of the Monckton charm and the Monckton ability that at the same time he managed, almost alone among the King's intimate entourage, to stay on good terms with Mr. Baldwin; and that, when George VI succeeded his brother, Monckton was not only reappointed Attorney-General to the Duchy of Cornwall but made a K.C.V.O.

Although a most able academic lawyer—he was for thirteen years Standing Counsel to Oxford University—he is not generally judged a very profound one: not comparable, for example with his younger contemporary and close friend, Lord Radcliffe, whom he at once recruited to help him when he was given the job of bringing sense into censorship—in order, said those who knew them both, "that there should be someone to say 'No.'" But if he will not rank among the great lawyers of his generation, no one will deny that he is a successful one. He made at one time almost a corner in Indian Princes, and combined friendship with disinterested advice—notably in the case of the Nizam of Hyderabad in the delicate and highly charged negotiations that accompanied the transfer of power in India. As a popular and fashionable advocate in the Courts, he avoided self-assertion and stuck closely to the well-tried habit of charm, presenting his cases in such a way that judges could not do other than think him helpful, and juries felt him persuasive; while even those on the other side could not but rank him fair minded—an eminently nice man.

A nice man, but not, it used to be said, one of weight—that intangible quality which counts so much in the British judgment of its public men and which unfortunately so rarely finds a common habitation with charm; at any rate with charm on the wholesale Monckton scale. Moreover, along with legal success, he had acquired before the war something of a reputation in the higher reaches of social bohemianism. He was much seen in night clubs. He was known as a member of one or two slightly "fast" sets. Some who felt that even charm could be rewarded too highly, dubbed him a playboy. This did him no harm with Indian Princes and fashionable litigants. But it made him slightly less well thought of among the more sedate circles of law and politics. It probably prevented him becoming Minister of Information, although, with Radcliffe's help, he had turned the

original chaos of press censorship into something that was not only efficient but actually popular. But permanent Civil Servants, who could not accustom themselves to his habit of giving them appointments at midnight and thought the notice he put on his desk during the more hectic period of the Ministry's growing pains: "Resignations taken and offered," bad taste, regarded him as frivolous. He was passed over when a change of Minister came; and, tired of nursing unsuitable candidates in a job they did not understand, he persuaded the Government to let him fly to Moscow to discuss propaganda with our new Russian allies.

The Russians were nice to him—who could help being? But they were uninterested, and he flew off to Cairo, where, by great good luck, a close personal friend of his, Oliver Lyttelton, had just been installed as Minister of State. He arranged to stay on in the somewhat exiguous post of Director-General of Propaganda and Information, but before long found his special talent called for in an even more esoteric sphere. He is, indeed, the only living lawyer to draft not one, but two, abdication statements. The first has been universally admired and smoothly put into effect. The second, drawn by his experienced hand, was no less the subject of praise. But at the last moment, as the royal pen hovered over the inkpot with the towering forms of Miles Lampson and Oliver Lyttelton bending sternly above him, King Farouk pleaded successfully for another chance.

Monckton stayed in Cairo for most of the war. At the end of it, after some lecturing in America, he let it be known to all those many friends of his that the Bar no longer appealed as once it had: he was drawn to public service. But for a time his career seemed to have reached a dead end. It was suggested to him, rather oddly, that perhaps he might like to be Metropolitan Commissioner of Police. He refused, remarking with a backward glance at his earlier reputation as one of the better-known adornments of London society's night life, that he would hate to go down to history as the first Commissioner to bring a blush to the cheek of a Metropolitan Police Constable. He was still popular, but much of the world in which he had scintillated seemed to be passing. He had political ambitions, but they were vague: he is far from being a profound or even a very sophisticated political thinker and often gives the impression of being at a loss to understand what all the argument is about. He wondered, rather vaguely, whether he should join the Labour Party: the attraction of the dissimilar drew him towards Stafford Cripps. Instead, he plunged the other way and, to the amused surprise of many of his friends, who could not help feeling that if he was going to go political he might have done better for himself as a start, accepted office as Solicitor-General in the short-lived Caretaker Government.

He went back to the Bar during the period of the Labour Government, and then stood rather casually as a Conservative Candidate in 1951. Perhaps no one was more surprised than he was when Churchill invited him to be Minister of Labour. He had no particular knowledge of industrial questions, the range of his friendships, so wide and seemingly all-embracing, did not—by some strange oversight—include any trade union leaders. Yet although the going may now become progressively less smooth he has so far been by universal judgment a great success. He has become one of the prime assets of the Conservative Party. Managements and trade union leaders alike sing his praises although few had expected the charm to be quite so potent.

Sir Walter is not a man one would ever expect to go to the stake for his political principles—few men who like popularity as much as he does are. But a real Tory Minister of Labour would have proved a disaster at this stage of industrial relations. By his temperament and training Monckton is the mediator *par excellence*, the man who likes to be liked, who will always try to see both sides. His real achievement as Minister of Labour is that he has sought always to act as if he were one of the Law Officers of the Crown. Lacking any capacity for political passion, he has made it as nearly an unpolitical office as any man could. And that, if not the highest of achievements, is perhaps one that was badly needed at this time. It is certainly one for which the Conservative Party, which has rarely in the past been fortunate in its Labour Ministers, has cause to thank him.

The Arts and Entertainment

THE HEIGHT OF SUPERFICIALITY

THE Arts Council are planning a series of exhibitions of minor British masters. Their first is the present George Morland show at the Tate, which contains about 40 paintings and a few drawings. Morland seems an odd choice but the exhibition is at least interesting as an object lesson in what superficiality in painting can mean.

Morland's personal story was a tragic one. Following the fashionable lead of his time (epitomised by the Prince of Wales) he dissipated his talents and his life (1763-1804). Debts forced up his output—during the last eight years of his life he produced at least 100 canvases a year; whilst drink and false stimulation of every sort made his work even more automatic and repetitive than it might otherwise have been. Occasionally, as in the small innocent painting of a *Cat Drinking Milk* or the *Gypsy Encampment* landscape, he relaxed enough to study and feel something about his subject. But on 990 out of 1,000 canvases (no exaggeration) he worked like a hack scene painter rushed before an opening night.

Morland was brought up by his father, a restorer and portrait painter, on Stubbs, Gainsborough and the Dutch landscapists. His early pictures, however, were mostly drawing-room anecdotes or *galanteries*—*The Mutual Confidence* of two ladies after tea (Jane Austen was twelve years younger than Morland), *The Fortune Teller* at the card table, *The Soldier's Departure* and, of course, *The Soldier's Return*. Many of these were engraved and achieved great popularity, particularly those that dealt with children and in which sweetness could be mistaken for sensibility. In about 1790 Morland changed his genre and began to concentrate on his more famous rustic scenes, set, as it were, Beneath the Spreading Chestnut Tree. These appealed to the current sentimentalisation of Rousseau's doctrines, but were in fact as artificial and dressed up as his earlier pictures. Gillray, who continued the spirit of Hogarth and whose allegiance was to the sturdier more down-to-earth aspect of the middle-class outlook, satirised both types of Morland: the dandified cissyness of the *galanteries* and the idea behind the farmyard scenes that Nature was all bacon and ale. Indeed, if one compares Hogarth's series of *Industry* and *Idleness* with Morland's *The Comforts of Industry* and *The Miseries of Idleness*, one sees the precise hypocrisy underlying Morland's appeal. The contrast between Hogarth's apprentices is total. Even the rhythm of the composition of the pictures is affected. But the difference between the families in Morland's two paintings is only that of a change of clothes and a wash and brush up.

Morland's sentimentality is, of course, proverbial, but it is interesting to see the superficiality of his ideas so completely reflected in his forms—in the way he actually painted and drew. It is perhaps worth pointing out here that there can never be any sensible division between form and content. Last week Patrick Heron said that it was "its abstract configuration of form and colours" that determined whether a painting was good or bad. Certainly. It is the form of a work that gives it its energy. But that energy is drawn from the artist's subject and must be used again to propel the content of the work. As Heron says, Michelangelo is not a great painter just because of the "athletic beauty" of his bodies: but nor is he a great artist just because of the "abstract glories" of his line and shapes. He is a great artist because his heroic forms expressed an heroic content. Can anyone really suppose that such a work as the *Creation of Adam* was only inspired by an abstract rhythm, or, for that matter, the *Last Judgement* by an abstract nightmare? And it is the same with poor Morland. The *form* of every twig, piece of thatch and forelock he limned in, betrays, in exactly the same way as his attitude to the *content* of his work, an attempt to describe an effect instead of a cause.

Morland slipped a formula like a harness over everything he drew. All his branches make the same gesticulations, all his straw is untidy in the same methodical way. His figures are conjured up by buckles, tatters, highlights—they deceive only as scarecrows deceive birds. And because of this, because he was only concerned with the tension of pure illusion—the tension between a few minimum effects and the eye of the spectator—he was incapable of composing. He knew how to balance a picture in an automatic way, but the groups of his objects and people never cohere. Because there is no tension between them, each remains separate. One could take one figure from one painting and swap it with a roughly similar shaped figure from another, without disturbing either picture at all. Go across the Sculpture Hall and compare Wilkie's *Village Festival* with any of the Morlands. (Wilkie, incidentally, is surely a painter who must be included in the Arts Council series.) The difference is extraordinary. Although in some ways Wilkie was a much looser painter, every figure, brushmark and colour is interlocked: the painting grows, encompassing one in its own life, which in turn derives from the life of its subject. Before the Morlands one is only aware of standing in front of them, as one is suddenly made aware of being in the theatre when the canvas scenery billows. Neither pure illusion on the one hand, nor pure form on the other, can interest the whole man for more than a moment. Only when illusion and form are employed to convey something deeper and less visible than themselves, only when they are used as metaphor, can they remain convincing. The paper rose and the red circle, however exquisite, only endure one glance. The rose and the worm in the night have a meaning for as long as one is able to think and feel.

JOHN BERGER

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

OR, since resolutions are always vapid, here are a dozen New Year wishes for the dear old undying Theatre in 1955:

(1) The arrival on the scenes of a powerful, rich, effective opposition to our leading theatrical management, with the ability to match it in judgment, taste and skill and to resist the lure to combine.

(2) In order to ensure that neither of them shall cramp or distort their talents, a self-denying ordinance to be undertaken by all theatrical couples never to appear together in the same play.

(3) A permanent theatre for London, run by some disinterested body like the Arts Council, devoted to the contemporary repertoire.

(4) A courtesy school for programme sellers and commissionaires where they would learn to welcome audiences into their theatre, not chivvy them about as if they were intruders.

(5) The abolition of the censorship of plays by the Lord Chamberlain.

(6) Overnight conversions of:

Sir John Gielgud to a taste for Ibsen.

Mr. Robert Morley to a passion for the *théâtre engagée*.

Mr. Tyrone Guthrie to the pleasures of Shakespearean verse.

Mr. Hugh Beaumont to the delights of experiment.

Mr. Donald Wolfit to the advantages of the team-spirit.

Mr. Peter Ustinov to the rigidities of the well-made play.

Mr. T. S. Eliot to the importance of poetry in the theatre.

(7) A rich patron to endow one wholly serious, entirely committed, completely uncompromising *avant-garde* little theatre.

(8) The taking-over of all theatre buildings by a duly constituted theatre council.

(9) First-rate parts in plays worthy of their great talents for:

Ronald Squire
Fay Compton
Clive Brook
Googie Withers
Celia Johnson
Mary Morris
Roger Livesey.

(10) An adequate planning of the dramatic side of the Edinburgh Festival.

(11) A sudden spate of lively, intelligent plays, witty, penetrating and adult, written by fresh observant minds unstaled by theatrical clichés of situation and stagy conventions of character drawing.

(12) Larger and ever more appreciative audiences.

(12a) That Mr. Gordon Sandison should devise a system of regulated exit for all workers in and about the theatre, not excluding dramatic critics.

T. C. WORSLEY

MICHAEL TIPPETT

MICHAEL TIPPETT is not a composer whose name goes up in lights. *A Child of our Time*, *Boyhood's End*, *The Heart's Assurance*—a stir ran through the musical world with each work, and the ripples still play strongly both here and abroad. But it seems fitting that, before Covent Garden opens its doors to the world with *The Midsummer Marriage* on January 27, Tippett's fiftieth birthday should have been celebrated last Sunday with a friendly concert at Morley College. To critics the Holst Room here is an oasis of light in that strange dark district where the Bakerloo line slants south of Waterloo. Here we come to hear twelve-note sonatas by aspiring young Britons, or not quite the latest composition for unaccompanied viola out of Germany. For us uninitiates Tippett suddenly brought the musical tradition of Morley College to life when he bowed slightly to the spirit of his beloved master Holst, in a short speech referred to the happiness he had known singing Purcell in this room and blessed us all.

Shy in manner but unreticent in utterance, awkward but eloquent he seemed. His music told the tale of awkwardness conquered. The early works in the programme, the String Quartet of 1935 and the Piano Sonata of 1938, had already been smoothed in later revision, but the juxtaposition of the partsongs *The Weeping Babe* (1944) and *Dance, Clarion Air* (1953), alike in their insistence on alert, sinewy part-writing, illustrated his conquest of medium: the first is all but unsingable, the second readily effective. It was not until the "Four Ritual Dances" from the new opera that Tippett stood revealed as a craftsman setting down his notes with a Britten-like felicity. But from the first he has set them uncompromisingly where they shall carry his meaning.

Few composers of our time have expressed themselves less arcanely, or related their themes with more passion. Generalising, Tippett's themes have been an intense enjoyment of the richness and diversity the world has to offer, felt with all the mind and all the senses; on the other hand, a compassion sometimes running too deep for clear expression. Sunday's concert dealt with the enjoyment. The ringing vitality of the Piano Sonata's first theme, and the life-generating clash of seconds, pursued through variation after variation, produced a sense of physical elation. The finale, like that of the Double Concerto, had the warm innocence of a Negro spiritual, or of Gershwin's *Summertime* (Negro spirituals, explicitly quoted, were to become the chorales of the oratorio *A Child of our Time*). In the Lento of the First Quartet Tippett muses on the beauty of musical sound. In *Boyhood's End* (wonderfully performed by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten) W. H. Hudson's sentences explode into a passion that is almost frightening in its intensity: Wordsworth's moments of awareness seem pallid by comparison. The complications in Tippett's music are always touched off by emotional heightening; the mazy traceries are due not to love of pattern-making, but to waves that break the banks of conventional expression.

Like a boy, Tippett retains that power which most of us have lost, of being able to link experiences so that nothing we may feel, see, read or dream remains absolute. He has written his own libretto for the new opera, *The Midsummer Marriage*, which is distilled from his boyhood in the English countryside, from all the prose and poetry he has read, from what he has learnt of tribal customs, from what he knows of love, from all the music he has heard . . . these, and a hundred things besides, he has drawn on. Yet the plot is a simple one. A young man, warm-blooded, revelling in the richness of life, has persuaded a cold, self-contained young woman to elope with him; she comes to their trysting to tell him that she cannot go through with it, but must set out on her own. The opera tells of their conflict, and the way in which they are able to forge a human relationship founded on complete understanding and love. The action proceeds partly in naturalistic terms, but principally in an elaborate dramatic metaphor—a metaphor so mixed as to include at one end the hieratic group of Shiva-Shakti in Indian mythology, at the other third-form puns. Some of the imagery is straightforward, as when Jenifer climbs a staircase to heaven, and Mark enters gates leading down into the fruitful earth. Much is recondite. Not until the production can we tell whether Tippett's libretto will stand the strain of physical enactment; and whether his music, like Wagner's at the end of *Götterdämmerung*, will make explicit something that cannot be put into mere words.

ANDREW PORTER

LOOK AND LISTEN

WE saw the Old Year out by *Television Continental Exchange*; and this seems a good opportunity, before we come to take these programmes entirely for granted, to consider what it is we want from them. What exactly have they to offer, what should they offer, now that they have ceased to be a technical wonder?

To a very large extent, of course, they represent merely an extension of ordinary vision. So in the past few weeks we have seen High Mass from Notre-Dame, Mlle Monique Haas playing the piano in Paris, trotting races from Milan, winter sports from Switzerland and football, football, football from all parts of Western Europe, just as I have no doubt that, if it were technically possible, at the moment of writing we should be seeing cricket from Melbourne. These are programmes based upon the special occasion and to succeed they should bring with them to viewers a sense of occasion. But there is another aspect to these exchange programmes, one more important: they have their political implications. They will undoubtedly be used by the countries participating in order to project those images of themselves by which it is considered most desirable that foreigners should recognise them. There is nothing particularly sinister in this. The image may be proffered in good faith: the best propagandists are probably those who have swallowed their own propaganda; and yet the image, for all it may aid the national tourist industry, may be false enough to be misleading, especially if seen without reference to a larger context.

But two of last week's programmes from Europe make the point. We encountered the New Year first in Italy. Dancing at a hotel in Milan—not very interesting because ballroom dancing in Milan doesn't differ significantly from ballroom dancing in Manchester—and then New Year celebrations in a village in the Dolomites: much more interesting this: it wasn't anything the British Isles could match. It was delightful and innocuous. A few viewers may have said: "We must try the Dolomites one year." Doubtless the goods were all in the shop-window, and cunningly displayed; but there was no reason to think the goods weren't genuine. No one, however naive, was going to see that programme and come away with any wildly erroneous notions of Italy and the Italians. It couldn't serve as a text for dangerous generalisations. But the evening before we had seen a programme from Western Germany. It had the intensely reassuring title of *The Magic of Candlelight*. But then it was an intensely reassuring programme. The image projected was one of Arcadian innocence. Silesia, Thuringia, Bavaria, a fishing village near Hamburg: wherever we went, the pattern was the same, the pattern of a frugal peasant culture whose members dressed always in peasant dress and spent their leisure occupied in the prettiest crafts. These happy and industrious peasants made toys, modelled in candle wax, blew glass baubles for Christmas trees, potted sailing ships in bottles. No Krupps was visible for miles; there wasn't a chemical industry anywhere; indeed there was no industry at all.

Now one does not wish to be unfair. I have no doubt that as a picture of German peasant crafts the programme was accurate; and the programme may well have been a wistful expression of the producer's belief of what Germany ought to be. All one can say is that, if one of the Communist countries were to export a comparable film of life behind the Iron Curtain, we should all burst out with "Who do they think they're kidding?" We were offered, in fact, a vision of Germany as fairyland. The most this Germany could offer to a Nato army would be comic opera uniforms and military bands. With half the Western world suspicious of Germany and afraid of rearming her, it was all very pat.

But what image of England do we offer to Europe? Here I can only think a recital of *Television Continental Exchange* programmes made in England since the series began is instructive. We have shown Europe the Glasgow Police Sports, the Jubilee Review of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve by Her Majesty the Queen, the Richmond Royal Horse Show, London floodlit, a special edition of Children's Television and the carol service from King's Chapel. Each of these is unexceptionable—but from them all does any image of England emerge that any of us would feel meaningful? Of course, we are a monarchy; and it is well known that we are devoted to horses, though we find tractors more useful for all purposes except jumping and foxhunting. If, however, we believe this country has something of great importance to offer the world at this time, the working model of a social democracy, then surely these contributions of ours to *Television Continental Exchange* are not good enough. If as individuals we were trying to tell an intelligent foreigner just what we thought was England's most valuable contribution to the world in recent years we should be unlikely to mention the Richmond Horse Show, and we might not even think of the Glasgow Police Sports. Indeed, the tourist aspects of Britain probably wouldn't enter our heads at all, and if our intelligent foreigner referred to them

we should most likely dismiss them with the words "tourist stuff." Surely the point is that during the past ten years some kind of a revolution has taken place in these islands. It has been a curious affair, piecemeal and still unfinished, and we are not yet by any means wholly used to it. Within the country itself, it should be one of the Television Service's chief jobs to show us ourselves in the new environment our social revolution has wrought, and to criticise and expose this new environment wherever it is inadequate or mean. And when it seeks to show England to Europe, it is on this changing England that the main emphasis should fall, for it is only in the context of this that the traditional England it delights to show continues to make sense.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Svengali," at the Gaumont

"Long John Silver," at the Odeon

"Lilacs in the Spring," at the London Pavilion

"Meet Me in St. Louis," at the National Film Theatre (Jan. 9—12)

This is the Lyceum time of the year, and if melodramas don't roar, so much the worse (we may feel) for them. Snow should enshawl its daughters, the wind should howl down stereophonic chimneys, prehistoric beasts should lasciviously prowl the streets, every car should meet its insurance, and Mr. Clifton Webb should be sighted pushing a pram along telephone wires, with an H-bomb in his pocket. Let go, let go, comes the call.

It is answered, mildly enough, by *Svengali*. Why this shouldn't be *Trilby* I don't know; to those who have never heard of either it would at least suggest hats. Who, what, is Svengali? A volcano, perhaps. I feel that the film might have been rather more thrilling if they had encouraged Mr. Donald Wolfit to be one. He is very capable of it. The big moments are here: Svengali fixing his weird gaze on the beautiful puppet who thinks she has come to him for her headaches, Svengali crashing out a dead march at the studen s' dance, Svengali sweeping through the capitals of Europe, dying in the stage box, and threatening to return. Mr. Wolfit's Svengali starts off on the wrong foot by looking like a moony cousin to Mr. Guinness's Fagin, all rags and wisps. He plays a flute in the night without our even appreciating who he is. His conviction of power doesn't quickly enough permeate us, and some of the hypnotism he is about to dispense to others seems to have inflicted itself on *him*. Not that Mr. Wolfit's performance, when it gets going, lacks a certain power, but both Svengali and he are capable of more. Quite a potent legend, I feel, has been half-heartedly caught at.

But I did respond more than a little to a good story that catches the eye better than, I suspect, would du Maurier's attenuated prose in these days. Miss Hildegarde Neff makes an appealing Trilby, and the Billy who has replaced Little Billee shortcuts some of the original languors. The sad, endless end becomes short and sweet. La Boheme enjoys its rather absurd revels. Our beautiful duck quacking "Alice, where art thou?" borrows Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's voice when she emerges as a swan. Altogether, in these short cold days, we might do worse than warm ourselves a little at this bonfire of Victorian diablerie, which at least wears better than Dorian Gray.

Mr. Robert Newton as Long John Silver turns on us his full battery of eye-rolls, ties, stumps, ha-ha's, belay this and shiver me that, but either I have outgrown their charm or the spectacle of that antique mariner running away again to Treasure Island in order to escape marriage with a plump landlady was too much for me. At the end, still running, he goes; but he comes back.

Lilacs in the Spring must be seen to be believed. Miss Anna Neagle is yet another brave woman, this time in the uniform of the last war

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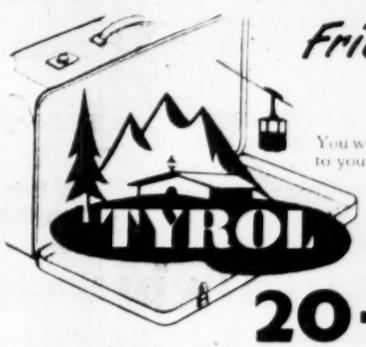

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and fainting under a table in a bombed pub. With her first tantrum she is Queen Victoria courting Albert; with the second Nell Gwynne keeping Charlie from his theatre party, and afterwards she becomes her own daughter and prances indefatigably through musical comedy and in and out of the affections of Mr. Errol Flynn. One is never quite sure whether this film isn't trying to parody itself, but it seems not.

Enchantment revives with Vincente Minelli's *Meet Me in St. Louis*, now going into its tenth year. If more musicals were like this I should be their devoted slave. But isn't it the best of the lot? It has charm, liveliness, beauty, Judy Garland at her first best, pretty tunes spontaneously enacted, and the touch of feeling without which even musicals can't trip. Coming out of it into the snow—not of melodrama but of the Festival site—I've the sensation of having enjoyed Chekhov's *Three Sisters*, happily turned round, to the twinkle of a musical box.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Le Lac des Cygnes," at Covent Garden

The first production of *Le Lac des Cygnes* in 1877 was shelved as a failure after a few performances; its choreographer, Julius Reisinger, having already discarded about a third of the music as "not sufficiently danceable" and added numbers from other ballets. Tchaikovsky himself planned to write another score, but died before it was begun. It was not till eighteen years later that Petipa and Ivanov collaborated to produce the complete ballet, which is the basis of that we now see—only patched with scraps of modern material and pinched or blown out here and there as has suited the fashionable conventions of the years through which the ballet has travelled. Last week Beryl Grey returned to the Sadler's Wells company to play the double-faced roles of Odette and Odile. By the highest standards she is not yet temperamentally objective enough for either of these characters—the exquisite and tragic swan princess or the brilliant and hard-hearted magician's daughter. Yet the poise of her beautiful limbs and the strong grace of her technique carry such authority that, combined with integrity of acting, they produce a satisfying performance. Not so the poor old *corps de ballet* of swans, whose see-saw arms and jagged lines showed that, although it can pull itself together and dance most excellently on occasion, there is not enough innate discipline for those nights when it is not on top form.

A. F.

Correspondence

RAILWAY WAGES

SIR,—The fundamental issue in the railway dispute is not so much what the railwaymen should be paid, as whether their wages should be based on what the industry can afford, or whether they should be subsidised from other sources. The first theory is tenable, as, for instance, in the case of farm wages, were it agreed that both these industries should be run on *laissez-faire* lines. Then, in the case of railways, presumably railwaymen's wages would depend in the final analysis on their bargaining strength *vis-a-vis* the employers. At a time of full employment this bargaining strength would be high, and wages would rise, financed by increased freight rates or increased efficiency, until rising costs forced the majority of freight to road transport—provided that the congestion on the roads was not so great as to render this an impracticable alternative. Similarly in agriculture farm wages would rise so that only the lowest cost producers (low cost not only because of efficiency but also because of favourable natural circumstances) would remain in production. This would lead us to a low cost agriculture capable of standing against foreign competition, but providing perhaps no more than 35 per cent. of the nation's requirements.

But all parties have turned their backs on such free competition for these two basic industries, and have decided that the national interest demands that a given minimum of our food should be produced at home, and that a given minimum of our traffic should travel by rail. In such circumstances it cannot be argued that, where agricultural prices and freight rates are controlled in the long-term interests of the country, instead of being allowed to rise and fall according to supply and demand, wages should depend upon "the ability of the industry to pay." Low freight rates, just as much as cheap food, help to keep the cost of living down and enable us to export at competitive prices. A widespread and active railway system is as necessary to the country, both for economic and strategic reasons, as is a large and progressive agriculture. If it is part of national policy to keep the charges for these goods and services low surely it is fairer to do so by a direct consumer subsidy rather than by the indirect subsidy of artificially low wages.

H. D. WALSTON

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GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—At the Scarborough Conference of the Labour Party the Resolution on German Rearmament moved by Mr. Attlee was passed by a narrow majority. This Executive Resolution had been carefully drafted to attract the support of those delegates who had grave doubts about the wisdom of supporting German rearmament in the present political situation. In the event, some of these waverers, as well as a number of delegates who had actually been mandated against German rearmament, were induced to vote for the Executive Resolution.

As I discovered in conversations with a considerable number of delegates, two items in the Executive Resolution had made a particularly wide appeal:

1. The promise to campaign ardently for new Four-Power negotiations under certain conditions
2. The firm and explicit undertaking to consult with the other European Socialist Parties for the purpose of drawing up a common policy.

It was clearly implied in this last clause that a genuine attempt would be made to arrive at a policy which could be supported by all the Socialist Parties most directly affected.

At the first meeting of the Bureau of the Socialist International on Friday, October 3, most of the time was spent on administrative and other matters without any attempt to have a serious discussion on German Rearmament. The discussion was adjourned until the Council of the Socialist International met at Amsterdam on December 19.

At the Amsterdam meeting our Labour Party representatives made no attempt to arrive at an agreed policy by compromise. All that was done in the name of the Labour Party was a move to make the S.P.D. change their mind and ignore the clear decision of their own Annual Conference at Berlin to oppose rearmament in the present political situation and until new and serious efforts had been made to reach agreement at a resumed Four-Power conference. It is not surprising that the meeting of the Council ended in failure and bad feeling.

I fully agree with Mr. Morrison's view that we must make up our own mind in the Labour Party, and that we cannot change our policy merely because of the views of the S.P.D. But, surely, we are committed by the decisions of our own Conference at Scarborough. Moreover, the policy of starting immediate negotiations with the Soviet Union on German rearmament before any German divisions have been organised and armed has widespread support in the French Socialist Party. This is proved by the Resolution adopted by the Extraordinary Congress of the French Socialist Party on November 12 at Suresnes. This, in its final clause, calls for a new East-West Conference before the completion of the military arrangements provided by the Paris Agreements.

I have no desire to pursue the pre-Scarborough argument. However, as the delegate of a constituency party which had a resolution on German Rearmament on the Agenda, I feel that we are entitled to expect the National Executive to implement any undertaking given in their own Resolution. It is now the clear duty of the National Executive to start a campaign for an immediate Four-Power conference on the German problem. Such a campaign would not only unite the member parties of the Socialist International, but would also have the support of the great majority of the people of this country regardless of their party affiliation.

J. MENDELSON

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TERROR IN IRAN

SIR,—Mr. Sanandaji's official position at the Iranian Embassy makes it understandable that he should defend a reign of terror. It does not make his statements true.

There are, or recently have been, over 10,000 persons under arrest in Persia and inadequate prison accommodation was supplemented by the use of military barracks. These prisoners, for the most part liberal-minded persons, neither very wealthy nor very poor, were educated enough to see that their country's survival in some sort of freedom depended on an endeavour to make elections freer, if not free, on a move to tax the wealthy a little more heavily than the

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poor, and on an attempt to make the monarchy constitutional by removing the complete control of the armed forces from the Shah's hands.

It was the Americans, rather nervous at the time that the oil agreement was being concluded, who discovered a Communist plot. They were probably right, for there is always some plot or plan afoot amongst our extremists. It was, however, when the Americans insisted on arrests that the Administration almost deliberately, rounded up the wrong people. There was, indeed, something frivolous about the whole affair until the Americans insisted on sanctions, and twenty-one alleged ring leaders were shot after secret trial. The Persian Government sensed the reaction and almost in hysteria organised more arrests. There followed a crop of suicides and, to complete the pattern, a series of letters were published from detained persons proclaiming their abhorrence of the Socialism that had ensnared them, their reconversion to the true faith and their loyalty, admiration and affection for the Shah. These ridiculous letters, much publicised in the Persian press and available for anyone to read in London, usually procured the liberty of their writers if they were fortunate enough to have friends at Court or, amongst the wealthy.

PERSIAN STUDENT

CHINESE IN THE U.S.

SIR,—Who is Mr. Edward L. Bernays of New York that he can say sweepingly and categorically: "There have been no persecution or threats aimed at those applying to depart for Communist China" (your issue November 20)?

My brother has been trying to return home for the past three years. He is a University instructor in a subject not remotely connected with anything of national importance. It has been made clear to him in more ways than one that there is no chance of his being allowed to leave America, let alone get permission to come back home. He was refused permission to go to Hong Kong. His request to attend the last Olympic Games in Helsinki was similarly turned down for perhaps he would try to go on from there to China (as indeed I was hoping he would).

There is a callous cynicism in Mr. Bernays' talk of the small number of students who apply to return. In its own way, it is like saying that very few Jews under Hitler made written applications to leave the concentration camps. It so happens that my brother has to move every few months for inevitably an F.B.I. agent comes to worry his landlady. It seems they have got wind of his desire to return home. And he is asked to move as landladies do not want trouble with the F.B.I.

I am rather reluctant to append my name to this letter for fear it may result in serious persecution for my brother (for the same reason I have left out details that could lead to his identification). Mr. Bernays must know perfectly well—for he is no ordinary private citizen, seeing the authority with which he writes about Chinese students as a whole in the U.S.—that Chinese students have to resort to the most devious stratagems and act with the greatest caution if they are to get out of the U.S. to reioin their families.

Peking.

(*Name and address supplied.*)

INSPIRATION FOR THE PAINTER

SIR,—There is much in Mr. Heron's interesting article on Inspiration which is quite acceptable. I have long held, for instance (to the indignation from time to time, of poetically inclined students), that Blake's imaginative visions were mostly unsuited to pictorial expression and that his paintings generally fail through being over-literary.

But that is quite different from denying the importance of subject-matter. In the applied arts, it is true, this counts for little: there the material justifies itself by "doing a job," coloured glass becoming a window, silk or wool a carpet or tapestry, and so on; and if in doing so they also achieve beauty (generally of a decorative order), so much the better. Music, too, is from its very nature abstract art, since sound doesn't exist in matter, and the written-down notes are never more than symbols. But paint is a substance: the simplest painting must be *of* something, if only of a collection of shapes. Mr. Heron prefers those abstract painters whose starting-point is reality, but unfortunately some of them carry the process of simplification, of "abstracting," to the stage at which the spectator is left with little or no clue as to the point of departure. This is frustrating.

Perhaps I may take an illustration familiar to all: Hokusai's *Great Wave*. It is perfectly possible to regard this famous woodcut as something abstracted from reality: if we purge our minds of any notion of a wave, it still remains a design of considerable fascination. But as soon as we relate it to its subject, all the sensations which we associate with the contemplation of a mighty sea come surging up within us, and our experience is enormously enriched. "Its overall construction, its formal character, its unique quality of colour, texture and design—these," Mr. Heron tells us, "are the prime realities of painting." But why shouldn't a painting have all these *and* the human reference, the appeal through subject-matter, as well? Mr. Heron's standpoint that if the English were to take to painting of any school we should *ipso facto* take to contemporary abstract painting seems to me purist to the point of puritanism.

ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

2 Neville Terrace, S.W.7.

SIR,—Mr. Patrick Heron is immensely interesting, and one may hesitate to cross swords over an article containing so much of value. His main argument—that the translating of the visual aspect of Nature into the terms of Aesthetic language is the province of the painter—may be perfectly true, but surely, even here, only in so far as such translation serves to convey emotional content.

True, Mr. Heron makes some concession (apparently to meet the obvious case of the non-figurative or purely "abstract" painter), but surely to write "inspiration comes not from afar . . . but precisely from the most ordinary objects found lying about" is far too dangerous and misleading. It indicates as a universal principle what is actually a dominating fashion and obsession of our time. What is serious is, not the fashion, but that one so eminent as Mr. Heron should at least imply such a bigoted attitude. If other and wider conceptions are "decidedly antipathetical to the modern painter" it is a pity. However, Mr. Heron's faith is today admittedly in the ascendant; hence, since Sickert's start, the endless kippers on plates and dustbins in backyards. However, although Michelangelo may have been much more confronted with the visual impact of cats and crockery than nude humans, some of us are still glad that he apparently did not rely for inspiration on the immediate clutter around him.

If Art is accepted as the means of conveyance of feeling, and the true language of the artist to this end includes line, colour, mass and, above all, imaginative design, he clearly has a vaster range and scope to draw on than the hazardous reliance on the visual?

OTWAY MCCANNELL

Farnham, Surrey.

MALORY'S ARTHUR

SIR,—Mr. Robert Graves ranges far; he could not complain if he were likened to Cecil B. de Mille in the clerihew, who was

> "Persuaded much against his Will
> To keep Moses,
> Out of the Wars of the Roses."

A little shaken by "Roncevalles" for "Roncevales" or "Roncesvalles," we discover that the Red Dragon of Wales is after all a Chinese Weather Vane, having preceded the magnetic compass in its journey round half the world, by some 800 years!

Next, following the recitation of some contradictions in the story—does not Mr. Graves know that all great myths are essentially true despite the gathering of the moss of old half-forgotten tales?—there appears the statement, apparently from the history written by the 9th-century monk Nennius, that Arthur wore a cross on his shield; but the word for shield was also the word for shoulder and the more accepted rendering is that Arthur carried as his standard in battle, a replica of the sacred cross and Nennius calls him plainly "Arthur the soldier." There are many versions of the Arthurian legends; but it is an intriguing thought, to say the least, that not until now has anyone suggested that Arthur was constrained by love for Iseult, the wife of King Mark of Cornwall; that she was his sister and the son of their union was Mordred. One wonders what Tristan would have said to all this. It is the plainest nonsense and will no more deceive anyone than the spurious title "Arthur is nat dede."

The romances re-told by Malory have held the affection of Englishmen for more than 400 years; not because of any religious or political significance (they have none) but because of the deep feeling that there was once—if only in imagination—a brotherhood of knightly men, sworn and proved, who were devoted to an ideal. We must look earnestly before finding, perhaps in King Harry's "noblesse english" or in Nelson's captains—his band of brothers, such another example. But the earlier legend contained in it the tragedy of the conflict of ideals; the clash of two loyalties; Lancelot's loyalty to Arthur as a man and his loyalty to the code of chivalry; with the total disaster which inevitably follows the mutual destruction of two things each in themselves essentially good.

HUGH VAUDREY

LAST ASQUITHIAN

SIR,—Sad bewilderment has been spread by your article on Lady Violet Bonham Carter, which seems to be based on the dimmest hearsay. We cannot believe that anyone who knows her has ever called her Lady Vi or detected in her any trace of aristocratic condescension. We are told that "she has been prominent in all the best causes supported by all the best people". Here the implicit sneer depends on an ambiguity of phrase. The "best people" supporting the same causes have not been the rich and powerful. They have been the devotees of liberty. More often than not, SIR, they have included yourselves.

RAYMOND MORTIMER ISAIAH BERLIN
HAROLD NICOLSON ROSE MACAULAY

ATLANTIS

SIR,—I don't see that Mr. Elwin can do Mr. Powys much good by defending him where he has taken no pains to be defensible. What he does show is that, since the proof-reading has been even worse than I thought, some of my statements were too general. Thus:

(1) Hierax. I said that this was spelt Heirax throughout. Mr. Elwin replies "Hierax appears on p. 13, so Heirax later must be an uncorrected printer's error." He will find it eleven times between pp. 51 and 41. Some printers are frightfully obstinate.

(2) Telemachus. Mr. Elwin seems to be right; this spelling occurs on p. 30 but I cannot now find it elsewhere. Other names spelt with US, however, are Cerberus, Rhadamanthus and sometimes Dionysus.

(3) Apollon with N occurs on p. 136, not on p. 156 as in my letter. I think this error was the printer's; if not, I apologise.

(4) Zeuks. The fact that he "does not appear in Lempriere" (how Mr. Elwin loves tertiary sources) seems irrelevant to my objection that the name is *impossible*. KS in Greek is always replaced by X, and this character, though invented, is still supposed to be a Greek and a countryman at that. (It is much like spelling an English farmer "Hos.")

Mr. Elwin adds that, since I admit that the criticism is a "thoroughly minor one" I had no business to make it in a short review. I suppose I must explain that by "minor" I mean "minor among the things worth saying." I raised the point because I found it a genuine obstacle in trying to appreciate a book already sufficiently bewildering. I do *not*, like Mr. Elwin, consider *Atlantis* a "major work." It has many remarkable qualities, but it is over-sweet, over-detailed, running to seed, an unweeded garden. I do not think there can be any question about this if it is judged on its merits apart from its author's great reputation and the present unhealthy state of Powys' criticism, in which any adverse comment whatever is taken as blasphemy. Nor do I think it a good idea that eminent authors should be immune from criticism.

MARY SCRUTTON

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Books in General

THERE is John as he sees himself, there is John as God sees him, and there is John as he appears to others and lives in them. What a work of art is a man! A perambulatory committee in continual disagreement, the longest distance between two fatal points. The interesting thing is that, biographically speaking, we have come to think of him in this fulsome way only since the 18th century, and part of the persisting fame or legend of a Byron or a Shelley is due as much to the amount of material concerning them as to their personalities. We have now the means and the manpower in our universities to conduct exhaustive investigations into the lives of the famous dead, just as psychologists are doing into the lives of living nonentities. This curiosity is curious in itself: devotion to the individual has utterly destroyed his privacy.

Now, to the three Johns Miss Sylva Norman has added another in her book on Shelley: *The Flight of the Skylark**: John after he has died, the shabby pensioner of our memories, shuffling forward in the fading queue of the generations to collect his dole of immortality. Her book begins as the pyre burns out and Trelawney snatches the heart, while Byron goes off to swim in disgust; and the study goes on to examine the effect of Shelley's ghost on his friends, his relations, his critics and his descendants. His visitations are followed into the 20th century but, there, rather cursorily. The result is a very agreeable digestive, done with tolerance, wide reading and wit, which is usually appropriate but occasionally facetious. Shelley's body may have been buried five times, but we ought not to be invited to take a worm's eye view of the circumstance.

Shelley was a personal and innocent force and for this reason alone his life was a natural preparation for the prolonged anti-climax and comedy which is, in the main, Miss Norman's subject. His nature was exalted, luminous, generous and magnetic, and if one calls him innocent it is because his sins or his crimes sprang from what are called "false ideas." Such sins create anger, unhappiness and disaster and provoke a righteous dissent that never quite dies down from generation to generation, for we prefer our natural corruption to the kind that comes dogmatically from on high; but even the firmest anti-Shelleyans give themselves away when they talk of his immaturity, his shrill adolescence and so on. They are moralising about the visionary and imaginative faculty, after it has departed. Once the monstrous lies about him had died away, Shelley's circle and his relations were left with a double inheritance: the conviction of his genius and the comforts of a scandal that had settled down and become a vested interest. It is a minor lesson of the Romantic movement that scandal soon becomes a respectable possession and those who are merely living know exactly why they would have wished (as the saying is) "to have lived."

Miss Norman's method works on a thorough reading of the now huge amount of Shelleyan material and she does not exploit its irony only. The opportunities for that are large. Farce began at the grave the moment tragedy had ended; for it has been suggested that what Trelawney tore out of the corpse was not the heart but the liver. There was the dispute about possession of the heart between Leigh Hunt and Mary Shelley. There was the fact that no one ever quite knew where the heart was afterwards, until the second Lady Shelley (Mary's mother-in-law) declared that she had found its ashes folded in a page of *Adonais* in a locked drawer of Mary's desk. The original urn of ashes began its journey ignominiously, for it lay in the wine vault of the British Consul in Rome a long time before it found a more suitable home. The story of the Shelley relics is grotesque. The larger comedies demonstrate once more that human beings are drifting and muddling along, almost longing for the event which will enable them to fulfil their chief pride: to live in character. They are actors fidgetting to "go on." Godwin crystallised at once in this way when the news of the tragedy reached him. His sorrow for his daughter is genuine, but it infallibly awakens his own restive self-pity. Let us share our troubles, bear each other's burdens! What an opportunity to unload —and what, as an anxious shareholder (he asks), do the lawyers say "about the most effectual provision?" Later on in his life we are to see that Mary Shelley was very much Godwin's daughter. She would have thought (she said, looking back on her sorrowful and lonely arrival in England with her son) that the widow of a man of genius bearing with her the heir to a title and estate might have received more attention than she did. The feelings of widows and widowers are delicate but we are uncomfortable before the idea that grief can be capital. There is something too absorbent, too demanding in Mary Shelley's langour; and it is always hard not to resent the fact that we are supposed to be fairer to people with moods than to the more simply constructed. Miss Norman is very fair, though I think she is hard on Mary's sensibility. I do not believe that it was tainted by the literary fashion. Loss is not made insincere, nor does it lose its dignity, when the writer is moved to what private eloquence he can muster. Mary's moods, her gullibility, her lapses of judgment and the intolerably quiet suction of her personality are another matter; her notion of friendship is Godwin's: the enslaving, exhaustive sharing of sorrow. Emotionally she is a boa-constrictor or, rather, would wish to be so; for her complaints indicate that the boa-constrictor is frustrated. In the important matter of Shelley's memory she nevertheless comes out well. She did know better than anyone what Shelley was and meant, and did not lose a clear if possibly humourless understanding of it.

On the side of nature the Shelley strain returned firmly to respectability after its inexplicable aberration. It was done under Mary's direction. A middle-class intellectual who knew how intellectuals have to live was determined that the grandson of a squire should be educated for the squirearchy. Sir Timothy's sufferings were appeased, even if he had been reluctant to admit it and hid his gratification in good British fashion, under outbursts about the expense. Old Lady Shelley lived, unbelievably, up to the manners of her class when, meeting Mary, the outcast, at last after many years, she spoke as if she had just unaccountably missed her the previous day and said "she wished they had met before." There is no dynamite like British inadequacy. The son, the second Percy, is a touching figure. A contemporary cartoon shows him got up like a dog-fancier, over-keen, too full-blooded and superb in nose. It was complained when he was young that he "looked too damn well." Health was only one of his encumbrances, for there are signs that this yachting man, who preferred proper sailing at Bournemouth to anything resembling his father's amateur risks with ramshackle craft at Leghorn, knew himself to be poorly equipped as the child of brain and genius. He bore his father's fame modestly, like a gentleman, and even his marriage to the lady who quite blatantly took him so that she might become his famous mother's daughter-in-law and give birth to a public monument to his father. He must have felt that half his life had been lived for him by someone else; he stands before us with the full flush of someone who is not sure whether he is wearing the right clothes. Theatricals were, of course, his hobby. The sorrows of the respectable may have a delicacy which is missing from the lives of those who publicly leave their skeletons about in every closet. It is a pleasure, indeed it amounts to a relief, that the revolutionary spirit was not lost in the son. He was thought by butlers to be unconventional and he was a pioneer of the tricycle in Bournemouth.

As Shelley's ghost visited the vanities, the cupidities, the forgeries and the swindles of those who lived forgivably and unforgivably on the capital of his memory, it would see the century's drift towards respectability. His own fame came, indeed, at the height of it. He had had none in his lifetime when society was raffish; if he had been immoral he had been at variance with the age in being immoral on principle. Would he, too, have gone the way of Southey's Wordsworth? The question is absurd. Shelley's nature was a flame, and the end of flames is that they burn out. There is a fundamental error in the irony that would expect the Utopian idealism of a Shelley to turn into acquiescence in the pragmatic, the balanced and the just, for Shelley was all energy, all imagination of the intellectual kind; the imagination does not compromise; it dies. In the last melancholy phase of his life (it has been thought) he knew this. The suicides of the Romantic movement are perhaps a recognition of this; the disasters at least confirm it and Shelley's death looks like a suicide. Shelley "lasts," though he has rarely satisfied the critics or the readers after youth, because he is made of the single piece of his genius. Of course he lasts, also because his legend keeps him alive. That he lacks, as Sir Herbert Read has said, an objective view of the world, does not affect "his gift for generality, rapidity and unifying sweep." He exists because he has the strength of an abstract order in his mind. Men of destructive influence often have. The history of Shelley's reputation

* *The Flight of the Skylark*. By SYLVA NORMAN. *Reinhardt*. 25s.

† *His Very Self and Voice: Collected Conversations of Lord Byron*. Edited by ERNEST J. LOVELL, JR. *Macmillan Company*. 42s.

in criticism follows the history of the Victorian age and of our time. Matthew Arnold could not care for ineffectuality in the angels; or perhaps he could, for looking back on Shelley as a revolutionary, "effectual" he has certainly been in any revolutionary period. In the last thirty years he has suffered from the revival of orthodoxy on the one hand and heterodox psychology on the other. Do we really say anything when we say that Shelley is adolescent, immature or unconsciously homosexual? When he said one day—and I'm glad to see Miss Norman quote this well-known saying again—that if he were to die then and there he would still be older than his father, we may be sure a mature mind was talking. These type labels manufacture imaginary personalities that are all of a piece. There is no reason to believe that if his behaviour was immature—i.e., it showed poor knowledge of ordinary human experience—that his mind was. One could say of the orthodox that their visionary faculty had not matured. And what is this imaginary creature, the mature, perfectly co-ordinated man?

Another commentator, but without Miss Norman's art, has applied himself to the curious exercise of combing the records for accounts of Byron's conversations.† He has found 150 contemporaries who wrote down their impressions of Byron's talk and, as we would expect, it is more impression than talk. Some of the impressionists are the famous ones like Hobhouse, Moore, the Medwin who plagued Mary Shelley, and Lady Blessington, and all these have been worked into the well-known biographies. There are scores of minor figures, among whom the excellent Parry, who kept Byron from misanthropy in Greece. It has never been doubted that Byron talked well and all these writers say he did, but do not really convey the fact. What we really get is an indiscriminate portrait which has extent but no depth. Mr. Lovell needs a method and a point of view; what he has done is to grind away lovingly at the factory bench of the modern university. Many of the extracts (he defends himself) are not available to the general reader; I am afraid that it is just as well they are not. The annotation and references are done with the usual American thoroughness and devotion.

V. S. Pritchett

CATCHMENT AREA

These hands whose touch I kept
As pledge of what should follow,
Held within the hollow
Of hills, like waters cupped,
Escape now to discover,
As streams, their rightful river.

Cool from the lake's core,
The tips of fingers murmur
Separately through summer
Landscapes, and explore
Those private woods and pastures
That are their valley's vesture.

But when, from each low ridge
Through this night's map of feeling
Distributed, the falling
Threads of sense converge,
Currents shall merge their caution
And seek the bed of oceans.

James Harrison

Unweeping Whiskers

Victorian People. By Asa Briggs. *Odhams*. 18*s*.

"Blast their weeping whiskers," cried Mr. Wyndham Lewis in 1914, "we do not want the gloomy Victorian circus." His broadside heraided the great age of Strachevan debunking, and this fashion, in its turn, gradually yielded to a new synthesis—the blend of irony, admiration and knowledge crystalised in Mr. G. M. Young's *Victorian England* (1936). Discussing Young's book, Mr. Briggs writes:

> Social historians, less disciplined than economic historians, prefer to consider institutions like the family or the public school rather than the business firm or the government department. They measure out the nineteenth century not in trend periods or in cycles but in generations. They go on reading until they can hear the people talking. . . .

His own book is written in the same admirable tradition. It is, I think, the most important collection of nineteenth-century studies to be published since Professor Basil Willey's essays appeared five years ago.

Only one period of Victorian England, thinks Mr. Briggs, possesses a unity of its own. In terms of economics, it was the age of rising prices and industrial prosperity between the late 1840s and the early 1870s. In terms of simple dates, it falls conveniently between 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, and 1867, when Disraeli extended the franchise. Within these terms of reference, the writer has set out to explore the framework of mid-Victorian society. His book attempts to show how,

> In the period of rapid business expansion between 1851 and 1873 England did not become a country dominated by business men, nor did the state guide the economy. Intermediate institutions, such as the public school, the university, the voluntary body and the trade union, confronted the makers of the "sudden access of national power, prosperity and knowledge" with . . . "solidly grounded codes of duty and self-restraint" . . . The ideal of the gentleman was set alongside the ideal of the hero of self-help.

Mr. Briggs studies these comparative institutions and currents of feeling through the lives of some dozen picked Victorians. They include J. A. Roebuck the radical, hero of the Select Committee on the Crimea; Trollope and Bagehot, those two great Liberal-Conservatives who between them provided the mid-Victorians with an ideology; Smiles, the author of *Self-Help*; Thomas Hughes, the middlebrow apologist of Arnold's Rugby (as Dean Stanley was the intellectual); Robert Applegarth, the hero of trade unionism; and two great opposed Parliamentarians, John Bright the reformer, and Robert Lowe, the Benthamite anti-democrat. The book ends with a brilliant account of Disraeli's master-tactics in 1867.

On each of these subjects Mr. Briggs says all that might be expected of the conventional expert, but he says a great deal else besides. Like G. M. Young, he makes his Victorians talk. Each of his chapters takes off from a smooth runway of learning; yet each offers, what learning so frequently tends to smother, an entirely fresh viewpoint. Mr. Briggs shows us, for example, how the constant emphasis on respectability and comportment, the exhortations to thrift and character-building that played such an enormous part in mid-Victorian behaviour, were no mere fashion in stuffiness but part of a huge, half-conscious experiment, the great adventure of creating an "Establishment," an institutional mould into which the new middle classes and eventually such of the working classes as were socially responsible, could be poured. As he says, writing of Samuel Smiles:

> His list of virtues did not spring from some peculiar source of moral smugness. It reflected the needs of a society, where, despite striking industrial achievements, there were still great areas of waste and inefficiency. The Victorians were not in possession of a secure moral order, which enabled them to tame nature and to harness the machine; they rather needed such an order if they were to achieve that rate of economic growth which they themselves demanded.

The Victorian Frankenstein's attempt to master the monster he had created out of his machinery is Mr. Briggs's overriding theme. I take it to be the greatest single merit of his book that he communicates this struggle so clearly and so excitingly.

In doing so, he throws stimulating light on any number of Victorian side-issues. He discusses the inertia that overcame Parliament and politics generally in the early 1850s; why Matthew Arnold, meditating in Haworth churchyard, could write of "Power dropping from the hand/Of paralytic factions"; why the Peelites, for all their brilliance, drifted further and further away from the political centre so that "by 1855 no one really cared what they said." He is good on the Free Traders' Middle East policy, on Chadwick and the Sanitary Idea, on the transition from the old combination type of trade unionism to the new respectable kind represented by Applegarth's Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners. He shows us why Bright's switch from representing a Manchester to a Birmingham constituency was so important to the cause of reform in 1867. His book asks and answers just those questions that face the history scholarship student. Why did pure Whiggery always "survive with difficulty in a smoky atmosphere"? In what way could Trollope and Bagehot be described as political cynics? Why was the English class alignment over the American Civil War "a veiled English Civil War"? Discuss whether it is true to say that for Disraeli "the supreme test of human affairs was success."

Mr. Briggs normally writes in an easy, descriptive and explanatory style, but he is capable of striking out a good epigrammatic generalisation. "Mid-Victorian intellectuals," he tells us, "could forgive anything except unbounded confidence; they liked doubt, for doubt was the evidence of subtlety." I have only three small criticisms to make of this book. Its index is poor and the writer misdates *The Importance of Being Earnest*

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on p. 14. In discussing Arnold's influence on the Rugby Sixth Form I wish he had completed an otherwise admirable picture by portraying the state of doubt and self-questioning into which the Doctor's Socratic methods threw many of his ablest pupils—often, as in Clough's case, for the rest of their lives.

Small wonder the Victorians never had time to notice their weeping whiskers. Life was too short and too strenuous, society had too much in the melting-pot. The Age of Old Pam was an age of vigorous social consolidation, just as later historians may well see this Age of Sir Winston as an age of nervous social consolidation, the "Establishment" on the defensive, huddling in the shadow of one preternatural old man. Looking around us, we can imagine our society as the end product of the mid-Victorians. The great myths that gave them their social dynamic have been over-prolonged until they have dwindled into the neurosis of conformity, the dead-weight of Butskell, of which the leaden sameness of present-day politics, the joyless formalism of our Front Benches and the yawning platitudes of Sir Oliver Franks's Reith Lectures are all equally symptoms. *Plus ça change*, of course, but it is strange to find our old friend Samuel Smiles and his sense of the splendour "of all the quantity of dull and forgotten work that lies under my feet in this world" turning up again, after a hundred years, in the Queen's Christmas Broadcast.

JOHN RAYMOND

Amanda

O Rare Amanda! By JACK LOUDAN. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

She had a swell staff of sweet-faced helpers swathed in Stratagem, whose members and garments glowed with the lust of the loose, sparkled with the tears of the tortured, shone with the sunlight of bribery, dangled with the diamonds of distrust, slashed with sapphires of scandal and rubies wrested from the dainty persons of the pure!

Where should we be but in Modesty Manor, den of that Madam Pear who has whisked away yet another victim under her capacious cloak? Thither in search of his young bride has rushed Lord Raspberry. Through a window he observes Madam Pear with extrusive lips bending over the slim form; he breathes "the oxygen of artifice," sniffs "the smoke of suspicion," exhales "the acid of anxiety," and then bursts in, knocking over a maid with a lamp (which sets fire to Sir Peter Plum) and exclaiming "Madam! How dare you? I say, how dare you? . . ." No mistaking those accents, those chemistries, that place: it is Amanda Ros, and late, unpublished Amanda at that.

Afterwards in the same novel Helen, seeking to escape from Lord Raspberry and a renegade priest, manages to poke her head out of the railway carriage and cry,

> "I am Helen Huddleson from beyond Ballynahinch in the County of Down and a native of Ireland's North and have been hunted like a hare all day by that man, Lord Raspberry, who wants to steal me from my lover, Maurice Munro. O! Porter, I wish all three men to be seized," wringing her ungloved hands in abject despair,

but again she is snatched off.

Chapter Six of Mr. Jack Loudan's inquiry into the life and writings of Amanda McKittrick Ros turns over the pages of *Helen Huddleson* with electric effect. Fifty-seven years have passed since the publication of the last novel, *Delina Delaney*; and since there is more—gloriously more—it is high time we saw it. The book, it is true, remains unfinished, and parts are in a dialect so thick that Mr. Loudan believes they might require translation, but these seem minor obstacles. If it is true, as from quotations it appears to be, that "the best and most characteristic of all Amanda's writing is in the pages of *Helen Huddleson*," then the pleasure of enjoying it should be no longer withheld. A new Amanda would be just as new today as it was in the late nineties when the first recipients of *Irene Iddesleigh* began reading it out to friends.

The authoress herself is no longer there, to be written to and fêted, but instead we have the illumination of Mr. Loudan's research. Amanda at the age of four catching light from a Mrs. Roche's *Children of the Abbey* (the only other novel she seems ever to have read was *The Sorrows of Satan*); Amanda as a strapping beauty at whom every man turned to look; Amanda married to the red-bearded station-master; Amanda authoress, "in correspondence with all the crowned heads of Europe except Kaiser Wilhelm and the Emperor of Austria"; Amanda taken up by Aldous Huxley and off by others; Amanda clubs, with Arthur Ponsonby and Edward Grey swopping quotations in the House of Commons lobby (their sole means of communication, we are told); Amanda driving down the High Street in a phaeton, visited by the eminent, mobbed by tourists; Amanda widowed, remarried, litigious, retired and regretting a bulk that increased with fame. How far she scented the nature of that acclaim must remain delightfully in doubt. A native wariness prevented her from ever wandering too far or too long out of her ideal domain; she could go on Corelli-ing—on paper—to the end. A potato-sack of papers was snatched from the burning when at last, aged 79, she departed to a skiey bungalow where she hoped to find plenty of paper, a pen, writing pads.

Such facts and anecdotes as Mr. Loudan has succeeded in bringing together add to our fascination. He is a far more discerning critic than most of the tongue-in-the-cheek admirers. But in comparing her with Lear and Carroll I think he makes a mistake. Rather, she is a cross between Marie Corelli and Emily Brontë, with a touch of the Melville who strayed warbling into *Pierre, or the Incertitudes*. She keeps the genius of daydreaming: no dream is funny so long as you don't step out of it. Her humourlessness comes to us stark, garlanded, sprightly.

G. W. STONIER

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Wyndham Lewis

The Demon of Progress in the Arts. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Wyndham Lewis. By HUGH KENNER. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These two books—Mr. Lewis's new polemical essay and Mr. Kenner's study of him—come aptly together. No one but Mr. Lewis could have written *The Demon of Progress in the Arts* with anything at all like the authority it possesses, for the authority comes from his peculiar relationship to the world in which he finds himself. It is not easily defined; useless to look to the past for any precise analogue to Mr. Lewis. Yet he is as central to our times as Matthew Arnold was to the second generation of Victorians, and the comparison may be suggestive. Arnold was the great Victorian who still stands apart, stands apart because of his remarkable detachment; it makes him none the less a Victorian, but a Victorian plainly different, if we think of him as a poet, from Tennyson or Browning, or, if as a critic, from Ruskin or Bagehot. Similarly with Mr. Lewis. As a novelist, he is obviously "modern"; his only peers are Joyce and, in a very different way, Lawrence. Yet—and this is the point—it was precisely Joyce and Lawrence, along with Pound and Miss Stein, who were the chief targets of his great polemics of the Twenties. So with his career as artist and art critic. Mr. Lewis was the first English modern painter in the layman's meaning of the expression; but not for him the enthusiasms of, say, Roger Fry or Sir Herbert Read. He writes on *L'école de Paris* in *Rude Assignment:*

> It makes the best of a bad job, perhaps: and we all do that, after all. It is only when people insist too much that it is a *good* job—that it is not a *pis aller* with foundations that are unreal and highly unsatisfactory—that I grow restless. Wildly to acclaim disaster is the worst kind of defeatism. There is nothing so bad as lyrical enthusiasm about defeat.

The Demon of Progress in the Arts may be regarded as a pendant to *Wyndham Lewis the Artist*, Mr. Lewis's collected art criticism (collected, that is, up to 1939; his post-war notices of exhibitions in the *Listener* should be gathered together in a volume), and it also has affinities with *The Diabolical Principle*. As writing, it is as witty, indeed as funny, as ever but, it seems to me, much more sombre in tone. It is an attack on extremism in the arts: "Extremism," he writes, "is symptomatic of a vacuum—a time in which there is no rationale for visual expression." Extremism, in other words, is the pursuit of abstraction:

> It is quite simple; beyond a certain well-defined line—in the arts as in everything else—beyond that limit there is *nothing*. Nothing: zero, is what logically you reach past a line, of some kind, laid down by nature, everywhere.

Now in all this Mr. Lewis's position is quite clear and unambiguous. He is not writing as Sir Alfred Munnings; and his book gains in strength of effect through the generosity of his praise for his much younger English contemporaries, Ayrton, Bacon, Colquhoun, Craxton, Minton, Moore, Pasmore, Richards, Sutherland, Trevelyan. He is writing as a maker of images for whom art is the one thing in man that profoundly matters:

> The only thing that is not absurd is what is found where the earth conditions are stable and peaceful enough to allow of the production of such great classical works as those of Leonardo, Michelangelo, Van Eyck, El Greco.

How is it that the contemporary artist allows himself to be tempted to fall into the nothingness of the abstract? That is the question Mr. Lewis propounds and answers. Many factors are involved. One is the role of the painter in our society today—or rather, his lack of role, which forces upon him a thoroughly false freedom. Another is the nature of painters themselves, whom Mr. Lewis calls "painting animals."

There is also the intrusion of "the pundit who has recently promoted himself 'art historian,' but who is more generally known as art-critic."

> When I see a writer, a word-man, among a number of painters, I shake my head. For I know that he would not be there unless he was up to something. And I know that he will do them no good; but the reverse. When I was young I was approached by these pirates; but when they found that I was an *intelligent* painter, they moved away. I was never popular with the pundit. My encounter with Mr. Roger Fry was an excellent example.

Fry's place as pirate-pundit has been taken, in Mr. Lewis's eyes, by Sir Herbert Read and, in a rather different way, by M. Malraux, whose book *The Voices of Silence* provides the text for some of his most interesting pages. These supply the final statement of Mr. Lewis's position as the man for whom consciousness is everything and the cult of the unconscious, of what he has called the diabolical principle, the eternal enemy.

It is unnecessary to say that this is a brilliant pamphlet. Slightly less than a hundred pages long, it is packed with perceptions that go deep into the very being of our times.

Students of Mr. Lewis will naturally want to read Mr. Kenner's book on his work. It is, decidedly, a book for students; as an introduction it will not, I think, prove as useful as Mr. Hugh Gordon Porteus's book of more than twenty years ago. Mr. Kenner writes as a reluctant admirer. Some of his judgments seem to me eccentric. Though he is very good on Mr. Lewis's prose, he is less than adequate on *The Apes of God* and *The Childermass*. I do not find much sense in the statement that the latter "is simply the *Art of Being Ruled*." "Simply" indeed! And he does not pay nearly enough attention to the great polemical works, *The Lion and the Fox, The Art of Being Ruled, Time and Western Man* and *Paleface*. Something in fact seems to be missing from Mr. Kenner's study. Is it the complete realisation that his subject, whether as novelist or painter, is above everything else an artist whose dissatisfaction both with the art of his time and with the conditions responsible for it has led him to a radical investigation of the nature of contemporary society? All the same, one doesn't want to grumble. On *Self Condemned*, which was, on the whole, shamefully treated when it appeared some month ago, he is admirable. And in any case, it is high time serious critics discussed Mr. Lewis's works seriously. Whether one agrees with individual judgments or not, Mr. Kenner is a serious critic.

WALTER ALLEN

New Novels

The Mail Boat. By ALEXANDER RANDOLPH. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Flesh and Blood. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

Fire Down Below. By SIMON KENT. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Alexander Randolph's first novel is published in the special series produced by the publishers at a comparatively cheap price for novels by "writers of exceptional promise." This is a very praiseworthy venture, and I dare say a very unrewarding one, for it is not to be supposed that first novels by writers of exceptional promise in these days are in any danger of becoming best sellers. A writer of exceptional promise today is less likely to produce something in the tradition of *Sketches by Boz* than something a great deal more rarified about the kind of people whose goings-on can be of interest only to a small minority.

Mr. Randolph is not an exception. Indeed, his is the very type of novel you would expect such a series to produce, the sensitive novel, which will be described sooner or later as being written in taut, nervous prose. It is all of that. And it does, on those grounds, deserve its place, for the author may well grow up beyond this. But if he doesn't, then he will go on writing the kind of book which has for some years been choking the novel as a form, the introverted literary novel, dealing with literary people in literary situations. One of Mr. Randolph's characters, it is true, is a fairly ordinary sort of American girl (except that she is extraordinary enough to be over in Europe on her own). But the other is a writer, Oscar Tower, who spends altogether too much of his time analysing his complicated states of mind and failing to write the novels he has come to Europe to write. The analyses are done with a good deal of subtlety and skill, as, too, is the narrative—told in a series of letters from an island off Naples to which Oscar has brought the girl in the rather vague hope, as he writes to a friend, that she will "help him with his work." She, as she tells her friends in the States in a set of parallel letters, has ambitions for the relationship a good deal more to the point, and is disturbed that between that point and its achievement there intrudes the, to her, very puzzling figure of Mario, a thirteen-year-old islander whom Oscar knows from his last visit to the island.

The disturbingly beautiful boy on the beach has been a recurrent figure in fiction ever since Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*, and experienced novel readers solve the equation of *The Mail Boat* at first sight of him, and long before they come to the key passage in one of Oscar's letters:

> Sometimes it occurs to me that he will not live very long, too fragile, too mortal indeed—and then it seems to me that there could be no *development* to such perfection. But how I behold his features! The groove of his neck, his slender feet and hands (he bites his nails), his delicate ears, his lovely colourless lips—a down of silver against the light . . .

The quotation is the clue to the book in more than one sense. The prose is nervous and taut, though not quite sure of itself (that "behold" is surely wrong), and the boy does die, and there is a vivid and horrifying description of the funeral. But that is not the end of the matter as the girl fondly hopes. There are other boys on the island.

Perhaps it is only the form which makes the book, for all its promise, seem sterile. Inevitably it makes the author appear to take his writer-hero with the same over-intense seriousness with which he takes himself. And perhaps it is not only the literariness that seems "old hat" to us, but the experience, too. Twenty or twenty-five years ago we in our time visited Tyrrhenian Islands and Dalmatian villages and wrote up our experiences in sensitive stories. For the young American intellectuals it is happening for the first time. But not for us.

The Mail Boat is only an extended short story, and this excuses the unexplained characters with roots in nowhere. But the novel proper, M. Mauriac comes to remind us, is primarily a social form. It is his understanding of the social, as well as the individual life, that gives such depth and solidity to M. Mauriac's novels, even his slightest and earliest.

Flesh and Blood, now added to the Collected edition which goes forward in the capable translations of Mr. Gerard Hopkins, was written between 1914 and 1920. But already M. Mauriac displays that extraordinary power and persuasiveness which compels an absolute allegiance. The world in which his dramas are played out is so vivid and so actual that we have almost come to think of it as "real." And this is, of course, the special triumph of the novelist. In fact, we may suppose, the inhabitants of the Gironde would be as hard put to it to recognise their humdrum, usual lives in the world he creates, as the inhabitants of Dorset would have been to recognise theirs in Hardy's novels. The comparison is not inapt; for like Hardy, M. Mauriac makes his countryside work as a principal character in his cast. His landscapes are not, any more than Hardy's, mere descriptive properties, they are active agents with a role as decisive as those of persons. When Claude Favereau abandons the seminary and returns to the Château de Lur where his peasant father is bailiff, he rejoins the world of heat which pulses in all creation, vegetable as well as animal and human. That world is one vast conspiracy of desire, and he is drawn into the centre of its attraction. The new owner of the Château is a Bordeaux businessman, whose emancipated son and daughter, for their amusement in an idle summer, "take up" the young ex-seminarist and he becomes involved in both their lives. The son becomes curiously dependent on him. With the daughter he falls in love, and she —though only temporarily—responds; she is destined for her own social world and her religion resigns her to the family choice.

At this date, M. Mauriac was perhaps less skilful in narrative than he was later to become. He drops the businessman father too soon, and shifts his point of view a little uncertainly between the characters. But the weakness is only comparative. He possesses to the highest degree that inner compulsive quality that makes it impossible for us to stop. We must, quite simply, know what happens. And then what finally haunts us when we put the book down, is not the atmosphere, the sensitivity, the analyses, the prose, though these have all been there, but the scenes for which these are only the overture, the scenes so beautifully realised and intensely dramatised.

Fire Down Below is formally the modern novel's attempt to imitate (if it does not anticipate) the film, but an intelligent and humane film such as, say, *The Well*. Its scene is Martinique, its characters cosmopolitan, its occasion an accident in a ship, an accident in which a young man is trapped in the hold, pinned by iron girders. The action centres round the attempts to rescue him, and when these fail, presenting him with the choice of dying where he is or coming out legless. While the tension is held at this centre, we move around it, smelling out the background lives of the main participants. It is these that disappoint a little, falling a little too easily into tough-conventional patterns. But the story is briskly and

Book Token Suggestions

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His Life and Personality
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THE DEMON OF PROGRESS IN THE ARTS
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METHUEN

excitingly told, the background is vivid, the dialogue intelligent and crisp, the dilemma more squarely faced, than the film, if it were made—and it would be a good film—would allow.

RICHARD LISTER

Picasso and Others

Suite de 180 dessins de Picasso. *Verve: Zwemmer.* 8 guineas.

Dufy. By JACQUES LASSAIGNE. *Skira: Zwemmer.* 35*s*.

Honoré Daumier: Drawings and Watercolours. By JEAN ADHÉMAR. *Holbein: Macmillan Company.* 15*s*.

Watercolours by Albrecht Durer. By A. M. CETTO. *Holbein: Macmillan Company.* 35*s*.

Vermeer. By ANDREW FORGE. **Renoir II.** By BERNARD DENVIR. *Faber.* 9*s*. 6*d*. *each*.

The Mind and Work of Paul Klee. By WERNER HAFTMANN. *Faber.* 30*s*.

Painting in Britain: the Middle Ages. By MARGARET RICKFERT. *Penguin Books.* 42*s*.

Several of the art books of the season are useful and pleasant to look at. Only one of them brings the reader very close to a considerable work of art. Between the middle of December and the end of January last winter, at a time of private unhappiness, Picasso made a series of a hundred and eighty large wash drawings. The whole set is now published, arranged in sequence and admirably reproduced.

The cycle begins with a series of comic and bitter reflections on the inadequacy of painting and old age to deal adequately with a naked girl. The theme, a sombre variation of the subject of painter and model which has occupied Picasso before, returns continually, embroidered with fantasy and pursued through endless metamorphoses. Painters of every shape and size are examined, bewhiskered and venerable, crew-cut and brash: each is as inadequate as the last. The girl teases a cat which becomes a monkey, and eventually, a week or two later, the monkey becomes a painter, as bad as any. Towards the end (as if to signalise the happy outcome), the girl, dressed and sack-like, becomes a painter herself, the worst of the lot. At one point a memory of the traditional iconography of love is called upon: the girl is approached by Cupid Masked—masked with a face like Picasso's own. The nose of the mask becomes tumescent: the girl is beset, and pursued through marvellous Baroque evolutions in a dozen and more pages. Once again, as so often before, the past has come at a crucial moment to Picasso's aid. The fantasy proliferates, gathering richness and gaiety. We imagine that the cure was complete: finally Picasso is seen shorn of disguises, and the canvas on which the protean painter of the drawings has been working is turned towards us to reveal the image, not of the girl, but of the painter himself. The conclusion, whether victory or defeat, is exactly right.

There may have been artists who could have drawn thirty sheets a week as fertile and revealing, one or two perhaps who did: Rembrandt or Goya may have thrown away a sequence which would have told us as much. The weapon which Picasso brings to bear is clearly of their calibre. An amateur of the drawing of the past might miss here that quality which historical criticism calls *quality*, but the slap-dash automatism of Picasso's method is essential to his achievement. The suspiciously effortless graphic character (a character which, discovered among drawings of the past, might well lead a connoisseur to judge the Picasso a copy) is the sign of a profound pride, a need, in his famous phrase, to find rather than to seek: it is an attitude which lies near the root of his art. On the surface these drawings show only half of the artist, the reflecting, stylising, retrospective part, not the part which brings forth form made wholly anew. But here, where the pride was under pressure, there may be as many personal clues as anywhere to the nature and the way of thought to which we owe both aspects of the extraordinary, composite life-work of Picasso.

The remainder of the list, comprising books *about* art, seems lightweight by comparison: few books would not. But the Dufy from Skira is most welcome. Previous books in this series of popular introductions, illustrated entirely in colour, have made their subjects look too bright and jolly: the style might have been designed to to justice to Dufy. Whenever Dufy is seen (as he was in the recent exhibition) at full length, with the hundreds of pictures that misfired cut away, he is found to be subtler and more durable than one expected: he is among the easiest of painters to neglect and the nicest to rediscover. His pictures print well (they are after all only a step or two from book-illustrations) and here they are very well printed. The book, which will be difficult to do without, has also a biography and a charming quotation: "... I'll show how heart and mind, chasing each other like butterflies, seek to attain the chimerical images of what is and what is not."

The drawings of Daumier have never been historically studied and M. Adhémar's book makes a useful start. The value of the Dürer collection is more doubtful. A wonderful book might be made out of the landscape water-colours, but a miscellaneous assortment like this leaves the great man looking, to an English eye, as uncongenial as ever. The Faber Gallery issues are average examples of the series. Mr. Forge writes perceptively, Mr. Denvir less so. The Vermeer has marvellous pictures unevenly reproduced, the Renoir good plates of pictures less than half of which are of the slightest importance, including one that is in great part by someone else.

It is not difficult to write evocatively of Klee's fantasy (Klee's own titles do it best) and Dr. Haftmann's more substantial contribution is probably his description of the ideas current in Klee's circle. The present value to us of Klee himself is perhaps in neither his fantasy nor his philosophy, as such, so much as in the example presented by his continual search for technical purity, his obsessive analysis of graphic and pictorial means. To write to serious purpose requires a critical eye both for style and for the clues in Klee's own writings. But Dr. Haftmann supplies a pleasant and unpretentious introduction, if any introduction is still needed.

The text of the latest Pelican history (unless it conceals a stylish stroke or two visible only from the pavilion) seems to be in great part a solid and useful compilation of authoritative views in the field: an incongruous glossary gives the general reader little help. The plates, however, are a delight for anyone who cares for English art. In this ancient, anonymous assemblage, more amateur than professional, including more draughtsmen than painters, more poets and comics than academicians, whose typical triumphs are abrupt, surprising and beyond rational explanation, it is good sometimes to recognise the kind of compatriot that we know.

LAWRENCE GOWING

Post, Smock and Fantail

The English Windmill. By REX WAILES. *Routledge.* 35*s*.

The working windmill is one of the most beautiful of all man-made things. It is also one of the most heartening. And even today, when ancient purpose has failed and "the grinding rumble and swish of sail" have fallen silent, the abandoned towers still stand as monuments to human skill and success in the conquest of drudgery. For, apart from the necessarily restricted watermill, the windmill was the first means ever devised of harnessing an inorganic prime mover and it delivered the muscles of men and beasts from the dreariest of repetitive chores. It was the greatest of all early advances in mechanisation, a major landmark on the endless Baconian road to the relief of man's estate. A valuable tool, and a cunning one, too, since a machine which resists as well as exploits a force so variable, treacherous and powerful as the wind sets tricky problems to both builder and engineer. Man has reason to be proud of his achievement.

Further, the windmill has a peculiar contribution to make to our understanding of economic history. For one thing, it reflects the changing fortunes of the farming industry. When agriculture was expanding, it spread and developed. When the Fenlands were reclaimed, it adapted itself to new needs and became a pumping-engine. And when the English consumer turned to overseas grain and the ports became milling-centres, it went down in defeat with the arable system it served; the last English corn windmill was built in 1892, when wheat prices were the lowest recorded for over a century and still falling. For another, it supported the miller, one of the most conspicuous members of that local, landless "craft-aristocracy" which played so important a part in the life of Old England. Constable and his contemporary, Austin the radical lawyer, were the sons of millers, the one typifying the skill, the other the independence of their fathers' trade. Then again, it trained many of the technicians on whom both the Industrial and the Agricultural Revolution depended. Meikle, who designed one of the best early thrashing-machines and gave the young Rennie his first lessons in mechanics, was a millwright. So were Smeaton and Cubitt, while Murdoch, who invented the D slide-valve, was a millwright's son. There was economic stimulus as well as economic virtue in the windmill.

Mr. Wailes probably knows more about English windmills than anyone else living and he tells their story from their appearance in this country in the twelfth century to the present-day efforts of the preservationists. He describes the

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different types of mill, their development and their elaboration. He takes us over their machinery and shows us the ingenuity with which our ancestors studied and shaped their limited materials—incidentally, they were using ball-bearings in the eighteenth century and airbrakes in the nineteenth. He also introduces us to a number of millers and millwrights. Some of his book recounts pleasantly personal investigations and encounters. Some is more technical, and here the clarity of presentation reflects the author's mastery of his subject. This is, indeed, a thoroughly professional study, devoid of sentimentality yet illuminated by enthusiasm and an appreciation of the romance which comes from physical problems understood and overcome. The varied illustrations deserve particular praise. They include photographs, contemporary paintings, old and new engineering drawings and a number of sketches by Mr. Lines who effectively combines art with accuracy.

As an account of a piece of mechanism, this book is admirable. As the story of an instrument of production, however, it is less satisfactory. The historical background is inadequate; causes of change are insufficiently analysed; and on certain issues the evidence is incomplete and poorly marshalled. Mr. Wailes has written a standard book which will certainly appeal to those whose interest in our countryside and its past is more than superficial. But if his historical sense had been equal to his knowledge of windmills he would have written a rural classic.

NIGEL HARVEY

SHORTER REVIEWS

Flaubert's Dictionary of Accepted Ideas. Translated by JACQUES BARZUN. *Reinhardt.* 10s. 6d.

A Dictionary of Platitudes. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. *Rodale Press.* 21s.

By a strange coincidence, after all these years two versions of Flaubert's famous dictionary appear within a few months of one another. Out of its setting, it may lack fragrance. Flaubert compiled it as part of the documentation of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, and perhaps intended it, when complete, as *their* dictionary. Since childhood, when an aunt's stupidities were noted down, the idea had gripped him and in the end became something of a mania. Its virtues have long ago been absorbed by writers; removed from its own habitat and time, it is little more than a curiosity, which the devoted reader of Flaubert might well be left to discover for himself. However, to the stray attention, some bells still ring. "*Machiavelli:* Though you have not read him, consider him a scoundrel. *Firing Squad:* Nobler than the guillotine. Delight of the man who is granted the favour of facing one. *Phoenix:* Beautiful name for an insurance company. *Cannonade:* Affects the weather. *Blondes:* Hotter than brunettes (see Brunettes). *Brunettes:* Hotter than blondes (see Blondes). *Imagination:* Always 'lively.' Be on guard against it. When lacking in oneself, attack it in others. To write a novel, all you need is imagination. *Hostilities:* Like oysters, they have to be opened. 'Open hostilities' sounds as if one ought to sit down at table."

Of the two translations Professor Barzun's is the better and more colloquial. Explanatory notes have been reduced to a minimum, some entries have been brought up to date (though here an American setting intrudes), and the book slips into the pocket. The Rodale Press go in for a handsome format, pretty initials, italic type in two colours, notes enough to enlighten a Saudi Arab, and the jottings on fashionable ideas omitted by the other. This again is American; a slap-up classic.

A History of the Working Men's College, 1854-1954. By J. F. C. HARRISON. *Routledge.* 16s.

When F. D. Maurice, as first Principal of the Working Men's College, delivered his inaugural address, each visitor was presented with a copy of Ruskin's *On the Nature of Gothic Architecture: and herein of the True Functions of the Workman in Art.* The purpose of the gift was "to show what sort of a fellow one of our Teachers was". Mr. Harrison, by a series of similar vivid touches, shows what sort of men subsequent teachers have been, from Tom Hughes, who taught boxing and lectured on the Manliness of Christ, and Tansley, the radical who made a comfortable fortune by providing for the pleasures of the rich, to the stalwart Sir John Lubbock, A. V. Dicey and G. M. Trevelyan.

Inevitably, we learn rather more about the teachers than the taught. But Mr. Harrison does his best, describing not only the College's foundation in Chartism and Christian Socialism, but also the way in which its students were at first uninterested in politics, preferring music, shorthand, Sunday tramps, and even Volunteering. Only at the end of the century (when Webb and Ramsay MacDonald came to teach) was there a keen interest in politics: and then the W.E.A. stole the thunder from the Left. The College remained confident of its independent virtues and disdainful of political utopias: "what is wanted in England today", said the Principal in 1919, "is the College spirit".

Mr. Harrison's centenary narrative gives a learned and lively exposition of this spirit, and he shows how it has been shaped not by College men alone, but by outside forces as well.

Science and the Human Imagination. By MARY B. HESSE. *S. C. M. Press.* 12s. 6d.

This little book is intended "to contribute to a lessening of tension between the scientific and the Christian attitudes to the world". The first half of the book is concerned with the historical relation of science to its cultural and religious environment; in the second half the author discusses the philosophical status of modern scientific theories and their connection with the poetic and religious description of the world. The historical section is intended to establish, among other things, that "modern science began, in a sense, as a Christian protest against Greek notions about the external world". Science before the Renaissance was (rightly) regarded as the "handmaid of theology"; and the author quotes with approval the suggestion that the four-element theory possessed one great "merit" which modern chemistry does not—it provided an "allegorical picture of the realities of the spirit." Christianity is given the credit for exorcising men's fear of demonic powers in nature, so that natural philosophers could study the material world without apprehension. (Men's fear of intolerant authority is more lightly passed over: Galileo's persecution, it is explained, was largely justified by his own tactlessness, and because he questioned established views "on insufficient evidence".) In the philosophical section, the author is on firmer ground. She gives a reasoned account of the development and significance of scientific concepts, though she makes rather too much of the state of flux of contemporary metaphysics. On page 155, eight pages from the end, we find the refreshing statement: "The conflicts between science and religion over their respective descriptions of various aspects of experience, are usually genuine conflicts about experience, and not mere verbal misunderstandings, or confusions of two apparently similar, but actually distinct types of language."

However, at this point, when the reader feels he is really going to get his teeth into something, she retreats again, suggesting that in view of physical indeterminism and the "present confused state of physics and philosophy, it is difficult to pin the issues down exactly." What a pity.

British Railway History. By HAMILTON ELLIS. *Allen & Unwin.* 30s.

Mr. Hamilton Ellis is well known in the railway world for his railway histories, railway novels and railway paintings. This volume, which ends in 1876, is the first of two designed to provide a general history of British railways up to nationalisation. He concentrates on the building of the railway systems, the conflicts between companies, and locomotive developments. There are some very real merits to this book, the least of which is that there is no other single-volume general history. He is always readable and his pen-portraits of engineers and directors are invariably useful and illuminating.

But those who read Mr. Ellis's work will need to be either uncritical railway enthusiasts or endowed with a hilarious sense of humour. For he is of the romantic-nostalgic school of railway writers, and the whole thing is written in a hearty public-school rugger-team style which leaves the reader squirming, hopelessly embarrassed. There are no maps and there is seldom any indication, even of a general sort, of the sources of his information.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,298

Set by Tormentil

The Latin inscription in the entrance hall at Broadcasting House reads, in translation, as follows: "This Temple of the Arts and Muses is dedicated to Almighty God by the first Governors of Broadcasting in the year 1931, Sir John Reith being Director-General. It is their prayer that good seed sown may bring forth a good harvest, that all things hostile to peace and purity may be banished from this house and that the people inclining their ear to whatsoever things are beautiful and honest and of good report, may tread the paths of wisdom and uprightness." The usual prizes are offered for a suitable dedication—in English—for the headquarters of the I.T.A. Limit 100 words. Entries by January 18.

Result of No. 1,295

Set by Andrew Wordsworth

"Relentless in their pursuit of lust, avarice, cruelty, murder. . . ." Reading Juvenal's sixth satire one feels that one's own satire on women would be different. The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt of not more than eighteen lines of English, or Latin, verse from *On Women*; or, alternatively, *On Men*.

Report

Arraigned by Alberick, Pibwob and A. M. Sayers for trotting out an overworked hack of a subject I was reassured by the other entries that there are still follies and vices more or less peculiar to the sexes. But too many competitors were in high training for Goodwill, and many of those who remembered their fury were prevented by The Rush from finding verse to sustain it all through. Real anger On Men came from Pat Bullen and Valerie Ranzetta. On Women there were many good passages. J. E. Cunningham opened in this theme: "Now Dian's Votaress with Men must vote, / Invade the Schools, The Taverns and the Tote." I liked John Craig's, "Women do every task and do it ill, / Employed more for their numbers than their skill." The Rev. J. P. Stevenson listened closely at a garrison cocktail-party. Erica Scott and H. A. C. Evans had excellent lines, "Treacherous, perverse, if not depraved, deprived," and, "A drab in rabbit and a tramp in mink." D. W. Barker a good middle and a strong ending, "Her tight unpristine brows she'll sometimes raise / At some slight intermission of her praise. . . . He dwindles soon from cringing less to least / And forms at last a spider-widow's feast." G. G. Blundell was consistent in theme and gathered force but padded too much for a prize.

Awards: third prize of half-a-guinea each to Hazel Archard and Ongar; second prize of two guineas to D. L. L. Clarke for excellent Latin and inevitable wit. But isn't "*credet*" a novelty? First prize of three guineas to Canicollis for Latin verses with the gusto of satire, an unprinted alternative ending (supplied to genuine students in a sealed envelope) and a translation which is a satire on hasty translators. But can the full stop after *matris* so boldly lengthen the last syllable? Moral: A Classical Education Provides Stamina Even at Christmas.

Triste lupus stabulis, innuptae tristius idem
qui rugiens quaerit quas devoret usque puellas:
circuit et quae sit fortuna facillima tentat.
Est qui subtilis specioso vellere amictus
fingat honestatem moresque probos: latet illi
dens mordax, mala lingua latet: iam quaere domum tu
virgo memor matris. Haud expers namque ruinae
praececinit, ignara tamen sollertia quantum
moechis procedat, Freudo duce et auspice Kinse.
Oscula bellus homo quondam furtiva silebat,
semper et horrebat nomen volgare puellae.
Ex coitu properat nunc scribere quisque fututor
aemulus et quoties et quas. Nemesis miserum sed
iusta manet: gena mendaci quam calda rubescet
cum tandem ad lectum protraxerit Ilia docta
(nil est in libris quod non intelligat ultro)
multa reluctantem. Praebebit languida vis tum
praevalida multo plus lingua posse poetam.

A bane to flocks are wolves, far worse to lasses;
They roar about in motors, they make passes
And roam to seek the wretch who's easy prey.
Then there's the moral type, in sober grey;
Assumed his sheep-like air: he hides, I fear,
A sharper tooth, worse tongue—get home, my dear.
Heed mother's warning—and her history.
And even so I'd lay she'd find a mystery
Th' advances made since Kinsey gave the data.
'Twas bad form once to kiss and tell the mater:
One dropped a hint, but names were never said.
Today the eager scribbler, hot from bed
Tells all, feigns more: techniques, prowess. Apace
Comes Nemesis. How red the cheater's face
When Cynthia (smart girl with all the answers)
Grabs him all scared, and off to Brighton prances.
His poor display gives proof (an old, sad story)
His tongue, no other weapon, is his glory.

CANICOLLIS

Tempus erat sponsum locupletem ut adepta puella
pulchrior, aut dotata magis quam grata carentem,
imperiosa gregi servorum dicere iussa
est solita atque uti qualis regina marito:
nunc nisi divitior Croeso nulla uxor amata
vel Paphia specie formosior otia noscet.
Qui stellas nuper coeli promisit et orbem,
'En tributa,' inquit, 'solvenda,' vir anxius; 'assem
addere non possum plus quam nunc accipis unum.'
Illa licet lacrimans 'ubi iam promissa?' rogarit,
ipsa aequata olim Veneri, nunc serva ministrat.
Annulus in digito est, manibus gerit impigra fascem
panniculoque et hamis immunda cubilia purgat
pulverulenta—heu pulvinar fascesque petebat,
nescia quam varium sit homo et mutabile semper!
'Fortunatane,' ais, 'magis est innupta?' Negandum
est.
Cui sine amore opus est se victam credet, at illi
Quae fit nupta operique subest amor omnia vincit. . . .

D. L. L. CLARKE

This variant of Homo Sap.
Is best considered as a Lap:
An ample, soft amorphous thing
Surmounted by an apron string
To which the male, as soon as hatched,
Remains despondently attached.
Its gleams of light are far and few.
It never thinks, but Always Knew.
Viewing all Nature with distrust
It chases particles of dust;
Abhors invention, cleaves to habit
And reproduces like the rabbit;
Allows its mate to work and sleep,
Refuses him the right to weep;
Delights to be considered frail
Yet normally survives the male;
However, as their lives are linked,
Will soon (V. Rabbit) be extinct. . . .

HAZEL ARCHARD

. . . Booted and trousered, masculine of will—
We must be thankful that they're beardless still,
And ring no changes of genetic kind
To match their added hardihood of mind.
Yet, truth to tell, we find them much the same
As the oppressed and quite unsuffraged dame
Who, bound in all things to obey her lord,
Wielded her tongue as he would wield his sword,
Until (quite routed, and bereft of spurs)
He found the will that she obeyed was hers,
And learned the lesson of her nightly quiz—
All the opinions she expressed were his.

Perhaps this duplicates the fault we find
In them—a certain fixity of mind.
When all is told, we gain increased delight
From beauty if it shines beneath the bright
New lustre of a trained intelligence—
Hypatia's* fate still saddens men of sense.

ONGAR

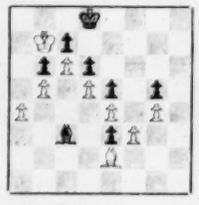
* A mathematician, who was *scraped* to death with oyster-shells by a mob of Early Christians.

CHESS

No. 275. The Little Difference

Opposing an Equal-pay-for-women Bill in the French Chamber, a pompous deputy is said to have exclaimed that, after all, there is some little difference between male and female. "Vive la petite difference!" cried a lady-heckler in the gallery. It would ill become us to damp the lady's spirits, for we chess-players must never overlook some little difference, however unobtrusive it may appear. Take a superficial glance at this position,

and even our beginners will say that this is too easy for a 4-pointer. Why, haven't we learnt in our first endgame lesson simply to play K-B3? We give Black the final fling of queening his P (with a check, too), we play K-Kt3, and it is all over. But is it? Alas, there is that little difference of (2) . . . Q-B3! So we have to think again, and we might try (1) R-B1 ch, K-Kt7, (2) R-QR1!, KxR, (3) K-B2. "Stamma!", our more erudite readers will here exclaim, and rightly so: for well over 200 years ago the great Phillip Stamma of Aleppo did propound much the same idea. Sooner or later Black must gratuitously allow the White pawn's promotion. But suppose we introduce a little difference in the basic position, suppose we put the Black KRP on KR2? Nothing doing now on old Stamma's lines; so what do we do? We cause just another little difference by robbing Black of his vital square. f6; we play (1) P-R6!, and then proceed by K-B3-Kt3, just as we were taught at Caissa's knee. And, once again, to show that a superficial glance will never do, let's have a good one at this position. Locked pawns, and bishops of different colour; why, surely this must be a draw? But it isn't. There is just that little difference that Sallay discovered when he won the position against Szöllösy at Budapest, 1954. This is what happened:



(1) P-B4!	KP x P	(8) K-R6	B-Q3
(2) P-R5!	B x P	(9) P-Kt6	K-Kt1
(3) P-K5!	B-B6	(10) K-Kt5	K-R1
(4) P x P	B-K4	(11) K-B4	K-Kt1
(5) P x P ch	B x P	(12) K-Q4	K-B1
(6) B-B3	B-K4	(13) B-K2	K-Kt1
(7) K x P	K-B1	(14) P-B7 ch	resigns

A: Wachtel 1953

From now on and for some time, my 4-pointers are to test beginners how either to exploit or to avoid somebody else's (usually a famous master's) blunder. Here, Black had just made the suicidal move P-QR3; he resigned after White's next move. How was this speedy end brought about? **B**—White to win, and an instructive little piece by the 2nd prize-winner of our own Study Competition—should be none too difficult for 6 ladder-points, but **C**—also a win—is hardly a bargain at 7. It is, incidentally, a great composer's last work; I was distressed to learn that Dr. Leick died a few months ago. Next to Grigoriev he was one of the greatest contemporary experts in composing those subtle pawn endings which look so very simple and are so very difficult. Usual prizes. Entries by January 17. No space for the competition report; it will appear next week.

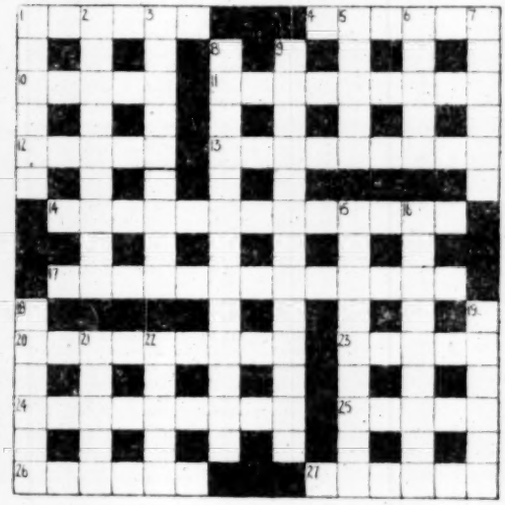
ASSIAC

B: A. Herberg 1954

C: W. Leick 1954

Week-end Crossword No. 131

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 134, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 18.



ACROSS

1. Order papers for a soldier (6).
4. Webster the Arsenal back holds a good inside (6).
10. It goes round in both directions (5).
11. They are useful for making fast speed after a danger spot (9).
12. Shocking score? (5).
13. Iron plane in matchless form (9).
14. The stain spreads around the oil, so furniture protectors are needed (13).
17. Flies from veterans in the deep (13).
20. Restaurant which provides a source of riches in destroying the taste (9).
23. Bob's broken head this may be useful for mending (5).
24. So violent an actor (9).
25. Letter of thanks after an article (5).
26. Murderer who initially has a hope of peace at the last (6).
27. Praise might be obtained by converting the country (6).

DOWN

1. The writer has it in him to plagiarise (6).
2. This place has a quotation about me in every year (9).
3. Noted vermicide (5, 4).
5. Genuine wrinkle, by the sound of it (5).
6. Carver is finished outside the ring (5).
7. In the outcome the second half is last (6).
8. The answer is in a broken tart and a Liberal caper across the ocean (13).
9. Check the motor before the race, and there is another life to come (13).
15. The chemical to make a sailor fade away, by the sound of it (9).
16. Records for compasses (9).
18. Bottom, we declare (6).
19. Sagebrush state (6).
21. A bulb may be lit up (5).
22. What the Owl and the Pussy-Cat dined on (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 132

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PERSONAL—continued

HOLIDAYS 1955. Our arrangements include house parties in Britain, Austria and Italy and a great variety of other suggestions for independent and party arrangements, international holiday courses, and week-end parties. Write for a free booklet now. Ernst Low, 47 (NS), 49b Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 6911 & 9225.

JOIN the "Avant Garde" - the "Wise Birds" of 1955 in Jersey, for "Merrimas". A sunshine holiday in summer's morning, when accommodation is plentiful and most reasonably priced, and the peak season of travel rush has not begun. Write for details of Jersey's unique "Big Shield" System and the special rates for spring visitors. A. Joyce, Box 124, Tourism Information Centre, Jersey, C.I. Travel by British Railways or Fly by British European Airways. One Island—20 Resorts.

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FOR Men Only: Cord or Denim Jeans, Swim Wear, Nylon Underbriefs, etc., from Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent St., W.1. GER. 3710. Illustrated catalogue sent on request.

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P.S. Harold Ingham's Summer Schools programme will be ready on January 15. Write now to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, to have your name put on the mailing list.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8741.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

PSYCHOLOGISTS in the Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for nine permanent posts for Psychologists at Industrial Rehabilitation Units under the Ministry of Labour and National Service; and for one temporary post for a Senior Psychologist (with permanent appointment as Psychologist). Age for the Psychologist posts: at least 21 and under 31 on June 1, 1954, with extension for Regular Forces' service; for the Senior Psychologist post, age at least 27 on June 1, 1954. London remuneration (including extra duty allowance, where payable): Senior Psychologist £993-£1,328 (men), £880-£1,161 (women); Psychologist £510 (at age 21) to £1,117 (men), £999 (women). Starting pay up to £814 (men), £847 (women) at age 30 or over on entry. Promotion prospects. Particulars (including the qualifications prescribed) and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 118/55. Application forms to be returned by February 3, 1955.

TRADES Union Congress invite applications for the post of Assistant in its Research and Economic Department. Sound knowledge of economics and related subjects essential. Further particulars of the appointment may be obtained before January 24 from Sir Vincent Tewson, C.B.E., M.C., Trades Union Congress, Smith Sq., London, S.W.1.

WORKERS' Educational Association. Northern District. Applications are invited for the post of Organiser for Durham County. Salary scale £500 × £25 - £600. Application form and particulars from District Secretary, W.E.A., 51 Grainger Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Closing date for applications January 29, 1955.

CANE Hill Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Lay Warden (resident) required to take charge of nurses' home and residential female staff quarters. Experience in welfare work among young people, preferably under residential conditions, desirable with ability to control domestic staff. Good education and social background essential. Salary scale £490 × £15 - £550 less £154 a year for residence. Applications stating age, qualifics. and exper. and naming three referees to Physician Superintendent by January 21.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist (male) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

ST. LAWRENCE'S (Mental Deficiency) Hospital, Caterham, Surrey. (2,280 beds.) Clinical Psychologist required. Salary scale £575 × £30 - £815 × £35 - £850 p.a. (If applicant has not completed the required probationary period the salary scale is £415 - £500 p.a.) Whitley P.T.A. conditions. Candidates must hold a Univ. Hons. degree in Psychology or other approved qualification. Apply immed. to Group Secretary.

"HIGH Wick," Tyttenhanger, St. Albans, Herts. Applications are invited for the following appointments arising through staff promotions at the above Home for psychotic and maladjusted children: Housemother, S.R.N. Essentials for this worth-while work are previous experience with, and a keen interest in, children, initiative, humour, understanding and abundant energy. Salary and conditions of service according to Whitley Council. Junior Assistant Housemother. Candidates should be keenly interested in child welfare, adaptable and energetic. Applications to the Group Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Warden - Bletchley Community Centre. Applications are invited for this post. Salary related to Burnham Further Education Grade A Scale. Further details and application forms, which must be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks.

APPLICATIONS invited for experienced Welfare Workers for posts in Working Girls' Hostel: (a) Superintendent, Norwich (12 girls). (b) Matron to assist Superintendent Ilford, Essex. Active and interesting posts. Apply in writing to Miss Dyson (A), Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

WANTED January, experienced teacher/housemother, interested music and movement, willing to share life of small progressive boarding school. Would suit mother with child school age. J. M. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanitt House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

ADULT Education Centre seeks member of house-team with horticultural experience. Details from the Secretary, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE London County Council invites applications from holders of the Certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised School of Sociology who have practical experience in social work for appointment as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at Poplar Chest Clinic, Wellington Way, E.3. Salary scale £510 (at 24 years of age or with three years' approved experience) to £637 10s. Duties include medico-social and secretarial work arising from activities of the Local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Further particulars and form of application obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer, 273 Bancroft Road, E.1, returnable by January 31. (1627.)

REQUIRED, (1) Staff for Citizens' Advice Bureaux in Metropolitan Boroughs of London. Candidates should have Social Science Diploma or experience in professional social work. Training given. First three months on unpaid basis. Salary when trained £370 × £25 to £450, with possibility of promotion to £470 × £20 to £550. Superannuation. (2) Clerical Assistant for Citizens' Advice Bureau. Knowledge of Social Services desirable. £234 × £13 to £350. Apply to writing to C.A.B. Liaison Officer, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

CHILD Welfare Officer (Woman: C. of E.) wanted. Preference to candidates with Diploma in Social Science and/or Home Office Certificate in Child Care; current driving licence essential; own car advantage; trav. exps. and subs. Salary A.P.T. £560-£580 per annum plus London Weighting. Superannuation. Duties include boarding-out of children aged 0-15 and After-Care Girls 15 plus. Headquarters London. Apply in writing by January 21, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copies testimonials and names of two referees, to the Secretary, Thomas Coram Foundation for Children, 40 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

THE Family Welfare Association have a vacancy for a Junior Case-Worker in the London Area. Candidates must hold a degree and/or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University; preference is given to those aged 23 or over. One year's training under supervision is given during which a maintenance allowance is paid. Salary on appointment £375 p.a. × £25 to £450 p.a. Superannuation compulsory. Apply in writing to the Organising Secretary, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (Female) required. Candidates should possess a recognized qualification. National Whitley Council Salary Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

ASSISTANT Matron with experience wanted for Rest Home run on non-institutional lines for retired people. Understanding and love of old folk, some capacity at nursing and a sense of humour necessary. Pleasant house and grounds within easy reach of London. Happy atmosphere. Good salary to suitable applicant, preferably under forty. Write, stating qualifications, experience, and when available, to Box 3439.

COOK required immediately at Centre for Adult Education—about 40 students—situated within easy reach of Birmingham and Worcester in pleasant country surroundings. The situation offers good wages and full residential emoluments. Applications, giving details of experience, together with two recent testimonials, should be addressed to: The Secretary, Avoncroft College, Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

INSTRUCTOR in English (substantial part-time) required by Correspondence School. Journalistic experience a recommendation but not essential. Please write fully, in confidence, giving details of age, experience and qualifications, to Box 3314.

PART-time Tutors in English required Denmark Hill, S.E.5, mornings only, 15 hours a week. 5s. per hr. Box 3415.

PUBLICITY and party bookings organiser wanted for Theatre Workshop, Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15. Apply by letter.

SECRETARY Shorthand Typist, about 25 years, required in medical unit for records work, primarily statistical. Apply, in writing, giving full details of qualifications and experience, to the Director, Radiotherapeutic Research Unit, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, London, W.12.

WEST End Art Gallery seeks young lady of pleasing personality as receptionist. State salary required. Box 83, R. Anderson & Co., 14, William IV St., London, W.C.2.

SECRETARY Shorthand-typist required for director of important international bookselling and publishing firm. Applicant, 20-30, should be keen to use own initiative. Knowledge of German an advantage. Applications, with details of experience and salary required, to Box 3472.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS invited for post of Assistant Warden at rehabilitation centre near London for temperamentally unstable men run by a voluntary organisation. Commencing salary £4 per week, live in, all found. Applications, giving experience of welfare work, to The S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

ANIMAL Protection Society requires educated, intelligent young man or woman able to write and lecture. Preference for university graduate and ability to drive car. Starting salary £500 p.a. Box 3493.

SECRETARY wanted, adequate shorthand & typing. Must speak and write German. Confidential work as Doctor's assistant. Hours by arrangement. Excellent wages. Box 2914.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman, sound education, experience publishing, art, teaching, etc., looking for job where initiative and commonsense needed. Free now London. Typing-shorthand rusty, but brushing up. Box 3523.

COMPANY Secretary/Accountant, excel. educ., lngs., wide exp. & interests, sks. congenial post with prospects. Box 3388.

BARRISTER (26), Oxford graduate, economics and statistics, ex-officer, fluent French and German, good knowledge Continent, seeks post up to one year. Anything considered, willing to travel. Box 3459.

WORK of direct social and human benefit, rural setting, both mental/manual activity. 26 y.o. grad. seeks work with purpose and meaning, pref. Continent. Box 3224.

YOUNG man seeks residential post London, domestic, secretarial, small business, allowing time for study. Box 3423.

WOMAN teacher, highly qual. rqs. post teaching Engl. & phonetics. Box 3507.

WOMAN, 47, secretarial and executive exper., widely travelled, much charm, reqs. responsible post in London. Box 3460.

A PARTIALLY-sighted graduate (female), aged 25, B.A. in French and German (London Univ.), sks. teaching post. Box 3385.

RESEARCH/Library/Art-editing work by lady, wide exp. Public Rel. Adaptable. Equable. Anything interestg. consid. Box 3379.

YOUNG woman seeks part-time/temporary secretarial or other work, preferably connected with the Arts, requiring energy and intelligence. Box 3341.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. Phone ARChway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakfst. dinner opt. Moderate.

HIGH-class Guest House, 10 mins. Marble Arch. Bed & bkfst. from £3. MAI. 1930.

LONDON York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

FROM 45s. sgle., large dble. newly furn. Service Rooms. H.c., elec., bath. Fine residential house. Easy City. TUD. 6715.

ACCOM. offered music student. Use of piano. 25s. and 2 nights' sitting in weekly. Use k. & b. SPE. 2684.

BLACKHEATH: Pleasant, comfortable bed-sitting room for young lady. Fully furnished. Kitchen. 40s. Also smaller room 30s. References. Phone GRE. 0958.

YNG. grad. offers from Jan. 16 share W. Hampst. furn. flat 50s. p.w. Box 3389.

WESTMINSTER, smallish bed-sit. rm. in pleasant private house, cooking facilities, cleaning, linen. Suit gentleman. 45s. p.w. Apply: 23 Maunsel Street, S.W.1.

SGLE. furn. bed-sit. to let. Kit., bath. £2 2s. LAD. 4389 after 6.30 p.m.

LARGE B/S., grnd.-flr., s/c. Suit lady. Nr. Golders Grn. Stn. SPE. 0987 evgs.

BACHELOR (Orth.) has accommodation in modern (C.H.) block, N.W.8. PRImrose 8106/4244, or Box 3454.

VERY large single room. 40s. p.w. inc. heating, use kit. HAM. 1581 after 6.

ROOM, double/single, modern, pleasant. Spring mattresses. Phone PRI. 5602.

BAYSWATER: well-furn. bed-sit. room, central heating, sep. bathrm., telephone in room; in block of flats. BAY. 7456.

A PLEASANT young tenant sought for a pleasant old room. 3½gns. inclusive. KNI. 2822 daytime, WES. 5217 evg.

INDIAN will share his 4-rm. furn. flat, all cons. S.W.17. BAL. 5674.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

BEAUTIFUL, pleasant, single modern divan-room. Suit young business lady. Newly furn. Telephone, bath. 1 min. from Tube Stn. Highgate. 78 Priory Gdns., N.6.

WELL-furn. 1-rm. flatlet nr. Baker St. for 3 mths. 3gns. p.w. AMB. 0632.

TO let, bed-sitting room, private house, nr. bus, Tube stn. HAMpstead 9271.

FURN. flatlet available 4 days a week, London, W.1, one person. Box 3366.

FREE furn. accom. 2 rms., k. & b., c.h.w., W.8, to 2 women in exch. part-time light domestic work. Box 3238.

ATTRACT. room avail. Hamilton Terr. Ideal business girl, student. Low rent in exch. agreed number trouble-free baby-sitting evgs. Full independence. Box 3278.

DIVAN-sitting room, close to Golders Green Stn. Elec. cooker & fire, own meter, linen incl. 57s. 6d. p. wk. SPE. 3955.

HAMPSTEAD Heath. Furn. div.-sit. rm., sink, gas-fire & rings, elec. lt. & power, use bath. 34s. p.w. incl. elec. 22 Nassington Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 5237.

B/S., well-furnished, modern flat, use kitchen, bath. 'Phone STA. 9173 evgs.

HAMPSTEAD Heath: beautiful large furn. room (27ft. × 12ft.) & balcony overlooking Heath, share k. & b. 3gns. HAM. 4645.

ROOM, heat, light, linen, cloakroom, no cooking facils., £1 in return baby-minding evgs., occasional Sundays. HAM. 0214.

TWO Canadian graduates (m.) have place for young man in comf. inexpensive flat, N. London. Bring own razor. Box 3516.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room, breakfast and bath in private maisonette opposite station S.W.7. 3½gns. Box 3509.

BACH. offers amor. fur. rm. flat Lancaster Gate. Use ph., din.-kit. Reas. Box 3508.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Single bed-sit. 35s. incl. MEA. 3613.

QUIET bed-sitting room in private house in a Chelsea Sq. nr. Sloane Sq. Suit business man. 66s. wkly incl. light, heat, h.w. and good bkfst. No other meals. Refs. reqd. FLA. 1050.

OXFORD 10 miles. To let furnished 4 months (or shorter period) from beginning Feb., modernised Tudor farmhouse in village street; automatic central heating, constant hot water, Frigidaire. Use 4 beds., 2 sits., nursery, large garage; daily help available. 8½gns. (includes gardener, linen, silver, all fuel, maintenance boiler). Bateson, Brill, Aylesbury. (Brill 255.)

RHOSILLY, Gower. Bungalow to let, fortnights or more, between Apr. 1 & Dec. '55. Living-rm., kit., scullery, 3 bedrms. (8 people), bathroom, garage. Elec., water. 1 min. to sea. Scenery, bathing, sands, rocks. Write Mrs. Lucas, Jarn, Boars Hill, Oxford.

ST. Ives, Cornwall. Architect-redesigned compact house in fisherman's quarter, 3 bedrms., sitt. rm., studio, kit., bath, all elec., fully furn., 3gns. wkly. Jan. 15-May 31. Lewis, 4 Teetotal Street.

CHARMING American professor and wife arriving February require accom. 5 months. Hampstead/Highgate/Chelsea/Kensington. Please write fully. Box 3460.

AUSTRALIAN University couple require self-contained furnished flat. Cent. London. Ring CHA. 5938, or write Box 3465.

N.Z. couple with baby need s.c. furn./part furn. flat 2 bedrooms at latest beginning Feb. for six months. Bloomsbury or other inner area prefd. CHA. 4248 or Box 3457.

PROF. woman urg. reqs. B/S. Cent., W.2. Pref. unf., ckg., bath facs. Box 3469.

ANYONE help? Two music students (Guildhall) req. flat, cent., s/c., 'phone. Reas. rent. Golding, PARk 8296 or Box 3470.

BUSINESS girl seeks accom. self & small car (10ft. × 4ft. 6in.) pref. large bed-sit. or share flat S.W. Lond. Anything consid. furn./unf., single or to share. Box 3381.

MOTHER (ex-prof.), yng. baby, sks. room, use kit. Reas. Urgent. Box 3093.

PAINTER needs studio or a large light room in the London area. Box 3300.

UNFURN. s/c. flatlet reqd. by married doctor living in hospital. S. London pref. Supply parties. Premium offd. Box 3296.

1-2 rmd. flat or share, all cons., wanted by prof. lady. W. London. Box 3488.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

YOUNG couple require furn./unfurn. accom., ckg. facils. London. Box 3511.

BUSINESS lady recently returned from abroad sks. furn. s.c. flat. Box 3476.

LECTURER (single) requires small s/c. flat, central London area. Max. rental 3½gns. Box 2963.

MUSIC Student reqs. accom. with use of piano—any arrangement. Box 3426.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

TWO superb building sites set in castle grounds nr. Tonbridge. All serv. Also attractive courtyard buildings being converted into mod. dwellings. Fr. £2,500. Hadlow 322.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 56

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1955-1956 begins Monday, October 3, 1955. Part-time (Evening) Courses provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science and for the Academic Post-Graduate Diploma in Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time and full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts and Science. Applications for admission should be made before June 1. Pamphlet and form of application may be obtained from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet St., W.C.1.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited from experienced social workers, male and female, for places in the Mental Health Course, a one year full-time Course commencing October, 1955. Grants are available for suitable applicants. This training qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance and Mental Health Services in general. Candidates must hold a Degree or Certificate in the Social Sciences, and have had practical training and full-time employment in social work. The minimum age for acceptance is 22 years, but preference is given to those between 24 and 35. Applications should be made as soon as possible and not later than March 1, 1955 (January 31, 1955 for overseas applicants). Further particulars may be obtained from the Tutor, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2, where the Course will be held.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for the following courses for the session 1955-1956. Post-Graduate Diploma in Educational Psychology: Candidates must possess a good honours degree in psychology, or its equivalent, and have had at least two years' teaching experience. To be eligible for a grant from the Ministry of Education they must be qualified teachers with at least five years' teaching experience. The course is a full-time one lasting one year. Diploma in the Psychology of Childhood: Candidates must be qualified teachers (whether graduates or not) with some teaching or other relevant experience. To be eligible for a grant from the Ministry of Education they must be qualified teachers with at least five years' teaching experience. Further particulars and application forms for the above courses may be obtained from the Head of the Education Department, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, to whom applications should be sent as soon as possible.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute offers a one year full-time course for experienced serving teachers in primary schools. The next course will begin in September, 1955. The course is recognised by the Ministry of Education for grants. Teachers who are interested should apply to Miss Mary Atkinson, Institute of Education, 19 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LEARN A Language the easy Assimil way. In three months you can learn a new language. Assimil is a vital method that teaches you, in your own home, languages as they are spoken—without the drudgery of learning by heart. Assimil books and records, alone or preferably a combination of both, bring you a thoroughly practical and satisfying means of home study. Courses in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian, English. Easy terms. E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS59, 10 Pembridge Sq., London, W.2.

LANGUAGES taught by conversation at "The Mentor," 11 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2 (opposite Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044. Special courses include: Basic French for Conversation (Beginners); From School French to Spoken French (Intermediate); Colloquial French for Advanced Students; English for Foreign Students. Classes, Private Lessons, Intensive Courses. Afternoon and Evening. Also lunch-hour courses. Start any time. Enrolment daily 1-9.30 p.m. Book now for 1955 courses.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

FRENCH. Cert. language mistress, private or evening class tuition. BAY. 5916.

LATIN, Greek & German for all grades by professional tutor. Box 3425.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Day and resident students. Canteen.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

GOING Abroad this year? The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

HEATHERLEY Art School, Founded 1845. Sound vocational training. Full/part-time. 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1.

EVENING Classes: drawing and painting in spacious studio at the Byam Shaw School, 70 Campden St., Kensington, W.8. (PARk 4711.) Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 7-9.30, individual lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc.. Thursdays 7.30-9.30, practice sessions from the model without tuition. Students may join at any time. New term begins January 11.

PAINTING Rooms: Day & Evening Classes, with models. Private tuition if desired. Reasonable terms. 174 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 7603 or MAL. 7096.

ITALY: introduction to her people, language and culture. Jan. 29 week-end at Brazier's, Ipsden, Oxon.

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FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures. 5s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses, The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

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GREEK Rest, White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WHAT it feels like to be "Colour-buried" is authentically described by a Nigerian worker living in Yorkshire, in the January "Labour Monthly." 1s. 6d. all agents, postal subs. 9s. half-year from NS., 134 Bilards Lane, London, N.3.

"ANALYSIS of the Kinsey Reports on Sexual Behaviour": Edited by Donald Porter Geddes (Frederick Muller, Ltd.). A perceptive, provocative review of what thoughtful men and women of authority have to say about the most talked-of book of the decade—Kinsey Reports. All bookshops. 10s. 6d.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

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AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription, also technical and scientific books. All British publications supplied. Sibley-Field Publishing Co., Ltd., 48 London Wall, London, E.C.2.

ALFRED, Lord Tennyson. A newly discovered poem appears in the January number of "The Twentieth Century" (3s.). Order from publishers, 26 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

AMERICAN magazines by yearly postal subscription. "National Geog. Magazine," 49s. 7d.; "Life" (Int.), 45s.; "Popular Mechanics," 32s.; "Popular Photography," 36s.; complete price list free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

ARE you interested in the meaning of life, why we are here, the hidden potentialities and unsuspected powers of the individual, and similar subjects? If you are, The Aquarian Book Service, 30 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1 will have books to interest you. Send 1½d stamp for free catalogues and lists.

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WE buy libraries, specialised or general; Penguins, book clubs, review copies; collections socialist books and pamphlets. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

SCHOOLS

THE Channing School Foundation Scholarship Examination, 1955, will be held on March 1-3 next. Scholarships, open to girls born between July 1, 1941, and June 30, 1944, are offered for both Boarders and Day Girls. Full particulars from the Bursar, Channing School, Highgate, London.

FRIENDS' School, Great Ayton, North Yorkshire. Co-educational. Roll 220. Age range 11 plus to 18. Four open Scholarships for children aged 11, each of the maximum value of £50 p.a., are offered annually on the results of the Entrance Examination which is held in February. For further particulars apply to the Headmaster.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

EMBASSY. PRI 2211. The World of Sholom Aleichem. Directed by Sam Wanamaker. Opens Jan. 11, 1955.

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "The Prince & the Pauper," by Mark Twain. Last wk. 7.45, mat. Thurs. & Sat., 2.15. Sat., Jan. 15, 2.15 & 8.30.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). Last 2 days 5.0 & 8.0. "Top Note." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). "Reedy River." Fris. & Sats. 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30, "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incldg. Guest Ticket.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Cocteau Season Until Jan. 9: Le Belle et la Bête (A.), from Jan. 10: Orpheus (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Jan. 8. Dick Powell, Alice Faye, Madeleine Carroll in "On the Avenue" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Jan. 9, 7.30. "Ils sont dans les Vignes" A.

ASIAN Film Society presents "Aarzoo," an Indian social feature film on Sunday, January 23, at 6.30 p.m., at Scala Theatre. Tickets in advance, apply A.F.S., 11 Greek St., W.1. (GER. 0073.) Office hours weekdays 5.30-7.30 p.m.

I.C.A.: Dancing to Norman Jackson's Novel-tones, Sat., Jan. 8, 8-11, Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., Guests 5s. Membership invited.

MAKE a New Year's Resolution to come to all Central London Fabian Society Dances. It's the one resolution you'll enjoy keeping. Sat., Jan. 15. 6 Queen Sq. Adm. 3s.

CONCERTS

BACH—"Musical Offering" and Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat. Jan. 8, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

TAYLOR Recorder Consort. Music for Recorders and Virginals by Bach, Byrd, Taverner, Schultz, Bartok, Warlock, Wischer. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., Jan. 15, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

DEBUSSY'S 12 Etudes, Beethoven Op. 110, Orthel Sonatina 3 and Epigrams, played by Nelly Wagenaar at Wigmore Hall, Sunday next, Jan. 9, at 3. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With," Granada, Enfield, until Jan. 16. Admission free.

G. F. WATTS. Arts Council Exhibition. Closes Jan. 16. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8). Suns. 2-6. Admission free.

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Show Window of Italian Contemporary Art: 2nd Exhibition, 9 painters. Dec. 30-Jan. 29. Mon-Fri. 10-1, 2.30-7, Sat. 10-1. Admission free.

ARTS Council Collection. A selection of paintings, drawings and sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Feb. 5, weekdays 10-6 (Weds., 10-8). Admission free.

PARSONS Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Nine Young Fairters Exhibition, Jan. 10-28. Presented by Robert Henriques, Roger Senhouse, Basil Wright, David Cleghorn Thomson. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., except Saturday.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Eight Young British Painters.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Richard Hamilton, Paintings. Till Feb. 4.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. A Selection of Modern Drawings and Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1. Until January 20.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Two first One-man Exhibitions. Anthony Fry, Jake Nicholson. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

"THE Artist's View of an Industry"—an Exhibition of recent drawings and paintings by European artists. R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit St., W.1. Jan. 13-22, weekdays 10-5; Sats. 10-1. Adm. free.

LEICESTER Galleries' New Year Exhibition—an annual event. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Rd., N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth; The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

GEORGE Morland. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings. Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 30. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8) Suns. 2-6. Adm. free.

DUTCH Graphic Art. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Closes Jan. 15. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Peter King, sculpture. 11-5.30 dly.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

DAVID Jones. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 30. Weekday 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Fernand Léger. Retrospective Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Sculpture, Drawings & Engravings by Geoffrey Clarke; Collages by Austin Cooper.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Rd., Kensington, W.14. Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by A. D. Peppercorn, 1847-1924. Jan. 10-31. Weekdays 11 a.m.-7 p.m. (Sats. to 5 p.m.). Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Exhibition of French and English Lithographs. All Lithographs for sale, from 1 to 10gns. Daily 10.30-6. Sat. until 5. Closed Sundays. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College London. Public Lunch-Hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street.) Admission free. Jan. 18: The Counting of Microscopic Particles, Professor J. Z. Young. Jan. 20: Roman Education, Dr. R. D. McLellan. Jan. 25: The Errors of Nature, Professor P. B. Medawar. Jan. 27: Tabu in Language, Dr. O. J. L. Szemérenyi. Feb. 1: The Use of Microscopic Plants in the United States, Dr. G. E. Fogg. Feb. 3: The Origins of Christianity in the Light of the Kumran Manuscripts, Professor J. B. S. Haldane. Feb. 8: Vilfredo Pareto as Sociologist and Political Thinker, Mr. R. A. Wollheim. Feb. 10: From Pit to Parliament: George Elliot and Thomas Burt, Mr. A. J. Taylor. Feb. 15: Manzoni, Leopardi, and the Romantic Movement in Italy, Dr. G. Aquilecchia. Feb. 17: The Laughter of Marcel Proust, Dr. C. D. King. Feb. 22: Missing the Point in Psychology, Dr. R. P. Kelvin. Feb. 24: Expressionism in German Poetry, Mr. M. P. L. Hamburger. Mar. 1: Geological Expedition to Northern Norway, Professor S. E. Hollingworth. Mar. 3: The Process of Explaining, Mr. B. C. Brookes. Mar. 8: The Conflict Between Religion and Science in Medieval Hebrew Literature, Dr. S. Stein. Details of all public lectures from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

CENTRAL Jewish Literary & Social Society presents: Tues., Jan. 11: Casting Meeting for Jewish Drama Festival Play. New talent especially welcome. 8 p.m.: "The Blue Posts," 22 Berwick St., W.1. Wednesday, Jan. 12: "Jazz Unlimited": A programme of recorded Jazz & Blues singing. 8 p.m. Folman's Restaurant, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. Refreshments. Visitors welc.

YOGA. Unique Film of Life in Yoga Ashram, including beautiful demonstration of advanced exercises by Swami Sivananda's Leading Professor of Hatha Yoga, will be shown by Edward Hain, M.A., recently returned from Rishikesh) at 3 p.m. on Sunday, January 23, 1955. Please apply for admittance cards to the Secretary, Y.P.S. School, Bridge House, 2 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3, or ring SLO. 6967.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. January 9: "Self-Analysis."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Jan. 9: Dr. Helen Rosenau, "Mithraic Tendencies in Christian Art" (with illustrations). Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 11, Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "Does Science Advance Man?" Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Jan. 7, John Hoyland, "Improved Human Relations." Friday, Jan. 14, Frank A. Wilby, "Education in America." Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W.1. (HYD. 9061.) January 12, 12.30 p.m., a fork lunch to meet Margaret Kennedy—Chairman: Lovat Dickson—members 3s. 6d., non-members 4s. 6d. (including refreshments). January 12, 6.30 p.m., C. F. Butfield on "Collotype" and Raymond Walker on "Gravure"—Chairman, L. C. Smith—members 2s., non-members 3s. (including refreshments from 6 p.m.). January 18, 7.30 p.m., lecture on Dickens by Humphrey House—Chairman: Rose Macaulay—members 1s., non-members 2s. January 24, 6.15 p.m., Peter Smithers, M.P., on the Mexican Exhibition, admission free. January 26, 6.15 p.m., J. M. Cohen on "Modern Mexican Poetry," admission free.

UNIVERSITY College London. Free Public Lectures, Spring Term 1955. Thurs. and Mon., Jan. 20, 24, 27, 31, Feb. 3, 7, 10, 14, at 5, Professor Richard Hofstadter, American Liberalism from Bryan to Wilson. Thurs., Feb. 10, 17, 24, at 5, Barlow Lectures on Dante by Dr. L. Minio-paluello, Philosophy in the Times of Dante. Thurs., Feb. 17, at 5.15, Mr. T. F. Reddaway, Government of London: 1815-55. Mon., Feb. 21, 28, at 5.30, Mr. T. Stoverud, Edvard Grieg and the New Norse Poets. Thurs., Mar. 3, at 5.15, Mr F. M. L. Thompson, The Economic Crisis of the Aristocracy, 1830-70. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped env. reqd.)

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Mon., Jan. 17, 7 p.m. Composers' Concourse: 1st of Series of Four Lectures on Opera and the British Composer. "Organisation of Opera in Britain." Speaker: David L. Webster. Chairman: Eric W. White. Mems. of I.C.A. and Composers' Concourse 2s., Guests 3s. Thurs., Jan. 20, 8.15 p.m. Discussion: "Horror Comics." Speakers will include Lawrence Alloway, Michael Fordham, Marghanita Laski, Peter Mauger, Sir Herbert Read. Chair.: Benn Levy. Members only.

FLEET St. discusses China—What Is It Really Like? James Cameron (News Chronicle) & Sam Russell (Daily Worker). Basil Davidson (Daily Herald): Chairman. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Mon., Jan. 24, 7.30. Tkts. 1s. from Brit.-China F'ship. Assn., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1, and at door.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. January 15 at 6 p.m. M. Robert Brechon (Alliance Française): "Qu'est-ce que le Théatre?"

"THE Killer Mountain"—Hermann Buhl and Walter Frauenberger, members of the successful Austro-German team, describe the conquest of the 26,620ft peak, Nanga Parbat. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, Fri., January 14 at 7.30. Colour Slides. Adm. free. Sponsored by Elek Books, Publishers.

SHAW Society: E. Fox on Soviet Lit. at Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Jan. 7, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. 6d.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Some Humanist Classics." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., January 9, at 7 p.m. Music and readings at 6.30.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Friday, January 14, 6.30 p.m. Russian Conversation & Playreading. 8 p.m. Recital of Russian Songs by Tatiana Preston (Glinka, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky Korsakoff, Rachmaninoff, Medtner, Stravinsky). Open to non-members.

A SYSTEM incorporating Eastern & Western Techniques for Achieving Mental and Emotional Self-Mastery: Short Introductory Talk, 6.30 p.m., Thurs., Jan. 13, Conway Hall, Holborn, W.C.1.

LONDON Natural Health Society: 7.29 p.m. 3rd Mon. each month. Alliance Hall, Palmer St., S.W.1. Jan. 17: J. Keith Blagrave, D.O., M.R.O. "The Feet You Stand On." Admission free.

PUBLIC Showing of new Language Teaching Films & Filmstrips (French, Spanish, Italian, German). Mon., Jan. 10, to Fri., Jan. 14 (5.30-6.45-8.15). Language Film Classes, 13 Suffolk Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Business and Professional Forum. A discussion on "Israel and the Middle East—Peace or War?" Major E. A. H. Legge-Bourke, M.P., Mr. Sydney Silverman, M.P., Thurs. Jan. 20. Corn Hotel, Upper Woburn Pl., W.C.1. 7.45 Visitors 3s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. John Hatch: "Kenya To-day and To-morrow," Wed., Jan. 12, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

MBIYU Koinange: "Racial Relations in Kenya." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 78 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Grn. Sun., January 9 at 7.15.

CAMPAIGN for Recognition in State Schools of Non-Christian Views: Meeting convened by the Ethical Union at 6.30, Tues., Jan. 11 at 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., nr. Milestone Hotel.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Jan. 12, 6.30 p.m. "The Many and the One": Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"CULTURE and the British People": a National Discussion led by Dr. Arnold Kettle and Tom Russell, Sat. and Sun., Jan. 29-30, St. Pancras Town Hall, 10 a.m.-4.30 p.m. Tickets at 2s. 6d. for whole week-end from: National Cultural Committee of the Communist Party, 16 King St., W.C.2.

ST. ANNE'S House, 57 Dean St., W.1. GERrard 5006. Spring, 1955. January 7 and 8 at 6.30 p.m. Last performances of "The Masque of the Manuscript" and "The Masque of Perusal" by Charles Williams, music by Hubert Foss under the direction of Michael Elliott. Admission 5s. (supper included). Mondays, 6.30 p.m. January 10 to February 28. "Image, Meaning and Metaphor." An enquiry into the Logic and Psychology of Symbolism in Communication and Expression. Discussion will be opened by Prof. W. Empson, Miss Kathleen Raine, Mr. E. W. F. Tomlin, Mrs. Margaret Braithwaite, Dr. R. D. Scott, Dr. Mary Hesse, Sir Arthur Bliss, Sir Herbert Read and others. Admission 2s. each lecture, by invitation only. Thursdays, 6.30 p.m. January 13 to February 24. "The Shape of Work to Come." Lecturers include the Rt. Hon. L. J. Edwards, M.P., Mr. J. R. Gass, Dr. R. W. Revans, Mr. A. Healey, Dr. M. M. Finiston, Prof. M. P. Fogarty. Admission 2s. each lecture, by invitation only.

"IS There a Real Clash?—A study of the relationship between Science, Art and Religion": Speakers—J. B. Priestley (Chair), Prof. C. H. Waddington, Jacqueta Hawkes, L. A. G. Strong, E. M. Mendelson. Progressive League weekend Conference: Bracklesham Bay Hotel, near Chichester, February 18-20. Fees: members 57s. 6d., non-members 62s. 6d (single rooms 5s. extra). Apply to Conference Organiser, 2 Antrim House, Antrim Road, N.W.3. (Primrose 4103.)

"CHINA—600 Million Friends." Three Day Schools. Pindar of Wakefield, Gray's Inn Rd. Sundays, 2.30-7.30. Tea break. January 23: "New Democracy in China." Tutors: Mr. J. Chinnery, Mr. A. T. D'Eye. March 20: "Industry, the Trades Unions and the State." Tutors: Mr. A. T. D'Eye, Mr. J. Horner. April 17: "The Co-operatives in China." Tutors: Mr. P. Townsend, Mrs. M. Rudealgh. All the tutors have been to China and are authorities on their subjects. 2s. per School, 5s. for the three. Apply with stamped, addressed envelope to: Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

ECONOMICS and Social Philosophy. Lecture-Discussion Courses begin in Westminster and Greater London on January 11, 12, 13 & 14 (evenings for ten weeks). There are no fees. Text Book 5s. Write or telephone for full particulars and School Prospectus: Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1 (ABBey 6665). Economic Classes as above are also being held this term in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Portsmouth. Prospectus and details from 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1.

PLAYWRIGHTS' Weekend Course, February 5 and 6, 1955. Full details now available from British Drama League, Training Department, 9 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

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